

THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONSISTING OF

TRAGEDIES.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCXLV.

PLAYS contain'd in this Volume.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

CYMBELINE.

ROMEO and JULIET.

HAMLET.

OTHELLO.



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1824



T R O I L U S

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C R E S S I D A.



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The PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene! from Isles of Greece
 The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
 Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures,
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come——

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions. Priam's 'fix gates i'th' city,
 Dardan and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples
 And corresponsive and full-filling bolts,
 'Sperr' up the sons of Troy.
 Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard. Hither am I come
 A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument;
 To tell you (fair beholders) that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning i'th' middle: starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a Play.
 Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

A 3

DRA-

¹ fix-gated city, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

² Stir . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenus,

Æneas,

Pandarus,

Antenor,

A bastard son of Priam,

Agamemnon,

Achilles,

Ajax,

Menelaus,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

Thersites,

Calchas,

TROJANS.

GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

Andromache, *Wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

Alexander, *Servant to Cressida.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE Troy and the Grecian Camp.

*The Story originally written by Lollius an old Lombard
Author, and since by Chaucer. Pope.*

*It is also found in an old English Story-book of the three
destructions of Troy, from which many of the circum-
stances in this Play are borrow'd, they being to be found
no where else.*

Theobald.

TROILUS



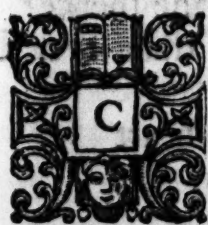
^a TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Priam's Palace within the Walls of Troy, but
supposed to have a situation a little distant from
the rest of the City.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.



ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troilus alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

A 4

Tamer

(a) Before this Play of Troilus and Cressida printed in 1609 is a Bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakespear's knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our Author's Plays: But on the contrary, it may be judg'd from the foremention'd Preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm that opinion. Pope.

Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddess e'er she be,
 Doth 'not less blench at sufferance than I do;

At *Priam's* royal table I do sit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor! — when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
 As wedged with a sigh would rive in twain,

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen's*—well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women. But for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not (as they term it) praise her—but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did:

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 9

did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit,
but——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Cressid's* love: thou answer'st, *she is fair*;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, + 'to th' spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she
is, if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between
and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so
fair as *Helen*; an she were not kin to me, she would be
as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care
I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one
to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
fool to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and

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 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
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Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 9

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Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
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on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between
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Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

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fair as *Helen*; an she were not kin to me, she would be
as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care
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to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a
fool to stay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and

IO TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

So I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part,
I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus——

Pan. 'Pray you speak no more to me; I will leave
all as I found it, and there's an end. [Exit Pandarus.]

[Sound Alarum.]

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides. *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
But Pandarus——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by Pandarus;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
What *Cressid* is, what Pandar, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there she lyes a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Our self the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[Alarum.] Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th'
field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence:
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. II

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [Alarum.

Aene. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if, *would I might!* were, *may.*
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Aene. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Between the Palace and the City.

Enter Cressida and a Servant, named Alexander.

Cre. WHO were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the fight. *Hector*, whose patience

Is, as 'the' virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer,

And like as there were husbandry in war,

Before the sun rose, he was ⁶ 'harness-dight,'

And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower

Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,

In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; There is among the Greeks,

A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,

They call him *Ajax.*

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or
 have no legs.

Ser.

⁵ a . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁶ harness light, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

12 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands⁷ and of no use; or a purblind⁸ *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man (that makes me smile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

SCENE IV.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*:

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*: what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*.—How do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*?^a

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre.

(a) Throughout this Play the name of *Ilium* seems to be given only to the palace of *Priam*.

⁷ and no use; or purblind

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 13

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'On condition' I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; would he were himself! well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well! I would my heart were in her body—no, *Hector* is not a better man, than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre.

8 'Condition

14 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, neice; *Helen* her self swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis I must confesse) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris's*.

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him⁹ 'about his complexion as¹ higher than² his, he having colour enough, 'the other³ higher is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compast window; and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, 'as² 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre.

9 above, his complexion is

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 15

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he esteems her no more, than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confes.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. *Queen Hecuba* laught that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair, that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but ³one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that; ⁴one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter*! quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris* my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but

3 two . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

4 two . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

16 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaste, and all the rest so laught, that it past.^a

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you 'as' 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards *Ilium*? good neice, do, sweet neice *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Aeneas passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the 'rest shall have none.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's

(a) See a note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene V.
5 an 6 rich shall have more.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA 17

a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look how he looks; there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good, — look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say; there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen's* heart good now, ha! would I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus* — I think he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*? no — yes, he'll fight indifferent well — I marvel where *Troilus* is: hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, neice — hem — brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well

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well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sister were a Grace⁷ and a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks *Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: ⁸ 'at all' these wards I lye, ⁹ 'and at' a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 19

of the chieftest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!——

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where.

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandar's* praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing,
Things won are done, the soul's joy lies in doing;
That She belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Achievement is, *command*; ungain'd, *beseech*.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content a firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

(a) By Content here is meant Capacity.

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S C E N E V.

Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Aga. **P**RINCES,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all desigas begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after sev'n years siege, yet *Troy* walls stand;
 Sith every action, that have gone before,
 Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
 Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; 'for there, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

1 for then,

And

(a)
and
2

And what hath mass or matter, by it self
Lyes rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy ² 'godlike' feat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lyes the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like *Perseus'* horse: Where's then the sawcy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key

³ 'Replies' to chiding fortune. ²

Ulys. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up: hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation
The which, most mighty for thy place and sway, [*To Agam.*
And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life, [*To Nest.*
I give to both your speeches, which were such

B 3

As

(a) *It is said of the Tyger, that in storms and high winds he rages
and roars most furiously.*

² goodly. . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

³ Returns

As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecian* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
(Though great, and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*: we less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulys. *Troy*, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great *Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do stand

⁴ 'Upon' this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,

To ⁵ 'which' the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,

Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.

The heav'ns themselves, the planets, and this center,

Observe *degree*, priority and place,

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office and custom, in all line of order:

And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd

Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

And posts like the commandment of a king,

Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,

What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny!

What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!

Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

The

⁴ Hollow upon

⁵ whom

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The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! when *degree* is shaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
⁶ 'Then' enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
But by *degree*, stand in authentick place?
Take but *degree* away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice ⁷ 'presides,'
Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
Then every thing includes it self in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself. Great Agamemnon!
This chaos, when *degree* is suffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglect of *degree* is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,

B 4

Troy

⁶ The.

⁷ resides, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

24 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
What is the remedy?

Ulys. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lyes in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd;
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
Would seem hyperboles. At this fustly stuff
The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries, *excellent!* 'tis *Agamemnon* just!
Now play me *Nestor*—*hum, and stroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* still cries, *excellent!*

'Tis *Nestor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm:

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsie fumbling on his gorget,

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Shake in and out the rivet——at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O!* — enough, *Patroclus*——
 Or, give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
⁸ 'Sev'als and gen'als though of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect :
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
 As broad *Achilles* ; keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle ; and sets *Thersites*
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war.
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies weight ;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;
 They call this bed-work-mapp'ry, closet-war :
 So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide ⁹ 'its' execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
 Makes

⁸ Several and generals of grace exact,

⁹ his

26 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Makes many *Thetis'* sons.

[Tucket sounds.

Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus*.

Men. From *Troy*.

S C E N E VI.

Enter *Æneas*.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a Prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phæbus*:

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, *Jove's* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 27

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your self *Aeneas*?

Aene. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Aene. And I from *Troy* come not to whisper him,
bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Aene. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[The trumpets sound.]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in 'profession'
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And 'dares' avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,

To

1 confession

2 dare

28 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Heſtor* ſhall honour him :
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance ;—even ſo much.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home : but we are ſoldiers ;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Heſtor* ; if none elſe, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor* ; one that was a man
When *Heſtor*'s grandfire ſuckt ; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One nobleman that hath one ſpark of fire,
To answer for his love : tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world : his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth !

Ulyſ. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand :
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt :
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent :
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Ulyſſes and *Nestor*.

Ulyſ. *Nestor* !

Nest. What ſays Ulyſſes ?

Ulyſſes

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 29

Ulyf. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyf. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulyf. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyf. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant-mass
Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector* issues from our choice;

And

30 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think perchance they'll sell; if not, 'why still
The lustre³ of the better, yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not then consent
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,

³ The lustre

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 31

Our projects life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Nest. Ulysses, now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*; go we to him straight;
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 Must tar the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therfites.

A J A X.

T H E R S I T E S !

Ther. Agamemnon——how if he had biles——
 full, all over generally. [*Talking to himself.*]

Ajax. Therfites!

Ther. And those biles did run——say so——did not
 the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
 I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
 feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel
 beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you + 'whinnid'st baven, \ speak,
 'or I will \ beat thee into handsomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness;
 but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than
 thou learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst
 thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks!

Ajax.

4 unwinnow'd'st leaven

5 I will

32 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ajax. Toads-stool! learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom'st scab in Greece.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty: I, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites*!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Assinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass, thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness, do, camel, do, do.

S C E N E II.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 33

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. [Beating him.]

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This Lord, (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

[*Ajax* offers to strike him, *Achilles* interposes.]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

VOL. VI.

C

Ther.

34 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so—a great deal of your wit too lyes in your finews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere 'your' grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host, That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*, To-morrow morning call some Knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dares Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewell!

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [*Exe.*]

4 their . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks* :
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else
(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)
Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't ?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular ; yet
There is no Lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows* ?
Than *Hector* is. The 'worm' of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the 'wound.' Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten ;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother :
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
So great as our dread father in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite ?

C 2

And

7 wound

8 worst. . . . old edit. *Warb. amend.*

36 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

And buckle in a waste, most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite so sharp at reasons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You sur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword imploy'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Shall have hare-hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But value dwells not in particular will,
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the God;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously it self affects,
Without some image of 'th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid

(Although

(Although my will distaste what is elected)
 The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 When we have spoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks*:
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
 And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* Queen whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go* :)
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands
 And cry'd, *inestimable* ;) why d' you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 'What we have stol'n, That we do fear to keep!
 Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n!
 'What in *their* country did *them* that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place.

Cas. [within.] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [within.] Cry, *Trojans*!

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

C 3

SCENE

1 That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
 But thieves, 2 Who

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all,
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [Exit.

Hec. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons;
And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
3 'As well your counsels, as my undertakings:
4 'For' I attest the Gods, your full consent

3 As well my undertakings, as your counsels: 4 But

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Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights;
 You have the honey still, but these the gall,
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion! can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Heñ. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
 'But' on the cause and question now in hand
 Have gloss'd but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you alledge, do more conduce

C 4

To

40 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 (As it is known she is) these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our designs:
 Were it not glory that we more affected,
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theam of honour and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For I presume brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect.

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 41

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertis'd their great General slept,
This I presume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Therfites solus.

Ther. **H**OW now, *Thersites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say *Amen*! What ho! my Lord *Achilles*.

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Thersites*? Good *Thersites*, come in and rail.

Ther.

42 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen! Where's *Achilles*?

Pat. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion—why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Pat. Thy lord, *Thersites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll 'derive' the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat. You rascal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 43

Achilles is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*,
Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a
 fool positive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to thy creator; it suffices
 me thou art.

S C E N E VI.

Enter *Agamemnon*, *Ulysses*, *Nestor*, *Diomedes*, *Ajax*,
 and *Calchas*.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body: come in
 with me, *Thersites*. [Exit.]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such jugling, and such
 knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a
 good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to
 death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject! and
 war and lechery confound all! [Exit.]

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Pat. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.

'He sent us messengers, and we lay by

Our appertainments, visiting of him;

Let him be told so, lest perchance he think

We dare not move the question of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him. [Exit.]

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
 He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may
 call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by
 my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him shew
 us the cause. A word, my Lord. [To *Agamemnon*.]

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? *Thersites*?

Ulys.

7 He shent our

44 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsel that a fool could disunite.

Ulys. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesie; His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure, Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call on him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health and your digestion-sake; An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*; We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outflie our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet his virtues (Not virtuously on his own part beheld) Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; And like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; you shall not sin If you do say we think him over-proud, In self-assumption greater than in note Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself

Here

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 45

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And undergo in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
⁸ 'His pettish luns,' his ebbs and flows; as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
Bring action hither; this can't go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*]

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter. [*Exit Ulys.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks
himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant,
as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
the fairer; he that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his
own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and
whatever praises⁹ 'but it self' in the deed, devours the
deed in the praise.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring
of toads.

Nest.

⁸ His course and times, or His pettish Lines. ⁹ it self but

46 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion, rages
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the 'death-tokens'
Cry, *No recovery*.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.
We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than 'him?'
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles*' is,
By going to *Achilles*; ³ 'for that were
But to enlard² his pride, already fat,

¹ death-tokens of it ² he? ³ That were t'inlard

TROLLUS and CRESSIDA. 47

And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fist
I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride;
Let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paultry insolent fellow——

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind——

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple,——

Nest. He's not yet through warm, force him with
praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys.
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, he is not yet
through warm.

Nest. Force him with praises, &c. . . . old edis. Theob. emend.

48 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us—
Would he were a *Trojan*.

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulys. If he were proud!

Dio. Or covetous of praise!

Ulys. Ay, or surly-born!

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected! [posure;

Ulys. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet com-
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition!

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,

And give him half! 'and for thy strength and vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield

To finewy *Ajax*! I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a borne, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the antiquary times;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:

But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days

As green as *Ajax*'s, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here; the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; please it our great General

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to-morrow, friends,

We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from east to west,

And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Aga. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep;

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [Exe.

5 and for thy vigor,



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Paris's Apartment in the Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord Pandarus.

Ser. I hope I shall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. 'Are you' in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: Honour and Lordship are my titles: What musick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick,

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too

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D

too

You are

50 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's² 'visible' soul.

Pan. Who? my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business, there's a stew'd phrase indeed.

S C E N E II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay; this shall not hedge us out, we'll hear you sing certainly.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 51

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me: but, marry thus, my Lord; my dear Lord and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to——
Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, i'faith: and to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Helen. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth. la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no——

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen, my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you.—⁴You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my Lord; why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy——

Pan. You spy, what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

D 2 *Pan.*

³ *Pan.* Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sower offence. Nay that shall not serve your turn, &c.

⁴ *Helen.* You must not know where he sups.

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Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He? no, she'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These lovers cry, oh oh they die:
Yet, that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh oh, to ha ha be:
So dying love lives still.
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha——bey ho!

Helen. In love i'faith to the very tip of the nose!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. T 53

generation of vipers? Sweet Lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet Queen: I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, sweet Queen. [Exit. Sound a Retreat.

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam's* hall, to greet the warriors. Helen, I must woo you to help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, over-shines our self.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Pandarus's Orchard.

Enter *Pandarus*, and *Troilus's Man*.

Man. NOW, where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No, Sir, 'he stays for you' to conduct him thither.

D 3

Enter

he stays you

54 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off. *[To the Servant.]*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for wastage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transporance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! Gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her straight.
[Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watry⁶ 'palate tastes' indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight;
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were 'fraid with a sprite: I'll
bring her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath
as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. *[Exit Pandarus.]*

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a sev'rous pulse,
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,

⁶ palates taste

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 55

Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of Majesty.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you ^a i'th' files: Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss ⁷ 'thy' mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon ⁸ 'as good as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's *in witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus!

Cre. Wisht, my Lord! The Gods grant—O, my Lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? ⁹ 'what dreg espies my too curious' sweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer

D 4

footing

(a) *Alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.*

7 the 8 as the tercel, 9 what too curious dreg espies my

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footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid's* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

S C E N E V.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 57

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever——pardon me—— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not 'till now so much. But I might master it——in faith I lie—— My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too head-strong for their mother; see, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us When we are so unsecret to our selves? But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not, And yet good faith I wisht my self a man: Or that the women had mens privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue, For in this rapture I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent; see, see, your silence (Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence. [Kissing.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss: I am asham'd;—O heav'ns, what have I done!— For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid*? [ing—

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-morn—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady?

Cre.

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Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?

I would be gone : I speak I know not what. [wisely.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,

'A sign' you love not : To be wise and love,

Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,) C

To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays !

Oh that perswasion could but thus convince me !

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love :

How were I then up-lifted ! but alas,

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight !

True swains in love shall in the world to come

Approve their truths by *Troilus* ; when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similies : truth tired with iteration,

As true as steel, as plantage ^a to the moon.

^r Or else

(a) It was heretofore the prevailing opinion that the production and growth of Plants depended much upon the influences of the Moon : and the rules and directions given for sowing, planting, grafting, and pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increase, or waining of the Moon. Warburton.

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 59

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited
As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse
And sanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it self,
When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood; when they've said as false
As air, as water, wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as *Cressid*. —

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be
the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's;
if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken
such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-
between be called to the world's end after my name; call
them all *Pandars*: let all 'inconstant' men be *Troilus's*,
all false women *Cressida's*, and all brokers-between *Pan-*
dars: say *Amen*.

Troi. *Amen*!

Cre. *Amen*!

Pan. *Amen*! Whereupon I will shew you ³a cham-
ber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak
of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*

2 constant

3 a bed-chamber;

SCENE.

S C E N E VI.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence: appear it to you
That, through the sight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my self,
From certain and posselt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all,
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature:
And here to do you service am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many registred in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a rest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o'th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,

In

In most accepted 'pay'.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither : *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomedes*,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange ;
Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Achilles and Patroclus appear before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his tent ;
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :
I will come last, 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good : Pride hath no other glass
To shew it self, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ;
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me ?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*,

Aga. What says *Achilles* ? would he ought with us ?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga.

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Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Pat. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with fortune
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slipp'ry standers,
(The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too)
'Do' one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks, who do methinks find out

Something in me not worth that rich beholding

As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*.

I'll interrupt his reading.——Now, *Ulysses*!

Ulys. Now, *Tbetis'* son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulys.

Ulys.
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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 63.

Ulys. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,^a
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, *Ulysses*,
The beauty that is born here in the face
The bearer knows not,⁶ but it commends^a it self
To others eyes: nor doth the eye it self
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold it self
Not going from itself, but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each others form.
For speculation turns not to it self,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see it self; this is not strange.

Ulys. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
'Till he behold them form'd in th' applause
Where they're extended; which like an arch reverb^rates
The voice again, or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much ⁷rapt
In this I read, and apprehended here
Immediately the unknown *Ajax*: heavens!
What a man's there? a very horse, that has
He knows not what: ⁸in nature what things they are
Most abject in-regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And

(a) *That is*, how valuable soever his parts are.

6 but commends 7 wrapt in this, and

8 Nature! what Things there are

64 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

And poor in worth! now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd! O heav'ns, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men 'sleep' in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes:
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these *Grecian* Lords! why, ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe:

They pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path:
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lye,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject 'rear,' o'er-run
And trampled on: then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,

That

9 creep . . . old edit. Warb. emend. 1 near . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 65

That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
 But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasp'd 'the in-comer; welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewel goes out sighing. 'Let not virtue
 Seek remuneration for the thing it was.
 For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
 That all with one consent praise new-born gaudes,
 Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
 'And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted.
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once for thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. 'Ha! say you known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost ev'ry grain of *Pluto's* gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;

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E

Keeps

2 in the comer; 3 O! let not

4 And go to dust, that is a little gilt

More laud than gilt, o'er-dusted. . . . old edit. Thirl. emend.

5 Ha! known!

64 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

And poor in worth! now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd! O heav'ns, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men 'sleep' in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes:

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!

To see these *Grecian* Lords! why, ev'n already

They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,

As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,

And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe:

They pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,

Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:

What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude.

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:

To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,

Like rusty Mail in monumental mockery.

For honour travels in a streight so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path:

For Emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue; if you give way

Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,

Like to an entred tide they all rush by,

And leave you hindermost; and there you lye,

Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,

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66 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Keeps ⁶'pace' with thought ; and almost like the Gods
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state ;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expreffure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame shall in his island sound her trump,
And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down Hector.
Farewel, my Lord——I, as your lover, speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you ;
A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrain you thus.
Oh, rouse your self! and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector* ! ——

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware :

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;

6 place . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

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And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus* :
I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
To see us here: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour fav'd!

S C E N E IX.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and so there is, but it lyes as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, good 'morrow, *Ajax*, and he replied, thanks, *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

68 *TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Thersites*.

Ther. Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him, *Patroclus* ——— tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, Captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Pat. Jove bless great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum ———

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Ther. Hum ———

Pat. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*! ———

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus: what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 69

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse ; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it ; I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exe.]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas with a torch ; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes with torches.

P A R I S.

SEE, ho ! who is that there ?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the Prince there in person ?

Had I so good occasion to lye long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand ;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomedes* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir !
During all question of the gentle truce :
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute !

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomedes* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long, health ;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,

E 3

With

70 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back — in human gentleness
Welcome to *Troy* — now by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome indeed — by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. *Jove*, let *Aeneas* live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Ane. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, Lord, so early?

Ane. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas, to bring this Greek
To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach;
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ane. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Ane. Good morrow all.

[Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?

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TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 71

My self, or *Menelaus* ?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her that doth seek her
 (Not making any scruple of her foilure,)
 With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;
 You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs 'nor less nor more,
 But he 's as you, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : hear me, *Paris*,
 For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
 A *Grecian's* life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
 As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomedes*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
 But we in silence hold this virtue well ;
 We'll not commend 'what w'intend not to sell.
 Here lyes our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Pandarus's House.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. **D**EAR, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle
 He shall unbolt the gates.

[down :
Troi.

E 4

7 no 8 as he, which 9 what we intend to sell.

72 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Troi. Trouble him not ———
To bed, to bed. ——— sleep, seal those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she
stays

Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee tarry:

You men will never tarry ——— 'foolish' *Cressida*!
I might have still held off, and then you would
'Have tarried longer.' Hark, there is one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life ———

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid; where's my cousin *Cressid*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll ne'er
be good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor ³*Capocchia*,
haft

¹ O foolish
Theob. emend.

² have tarried.

³ *Chipochia*, . . . old edit.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 73

hast not slept to-night? would he not (a naughty man)
let it sleep? a bug-bear take him! [One knocks.

Cre. Did I not tell you? — would he were knock'd
o'th' head — who's that at door? — good uncle, go and
see. — My Lord, come you again into my chamber: —
you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha! —

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
How earnestly they knock — pray you come in. [Knock.
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [Exeunt.

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll
be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should
he do here?

Æne. Pho! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll
do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him,
to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go
fetch him hither, go. [As Pandarus is going out,

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so harsh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,

Ere

74 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. ⁴Is it so concluded?

Aene. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Aeneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here. [tutes]

Aene. Good, good, my Lord; the 'secretest of na-
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt, Cre.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Cressida to Pandarus.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? the devil
take *Antenor*! the young Prince will go mad: a plague
upon *Antenor*! I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah! ———

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord?
gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am
above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er
been born! I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor
gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I be-
seech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone:
thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy
father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death:
'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father.

I know

⁴ Is it concluded so?

⁵ secrets of Nature or secret'st things of Nature

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA. 75

I know no touch of consanguinity :
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can ;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep,——

Pan. Do, do.

[cheeks,

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With founding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Before Pandarus's House.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes fast upon us : good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house :

I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently ;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I shall pity, I could help !
Please you walk in, my Lords.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

*An Apartment in Pandarus's House.**Enter Pandarus and Cressida.**Pan.* **B**E moderate, be moderate.*Cre.* Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
 And in its sence is no less strong, than that
 Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or, brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief;
 My love admits no qualifying dross,

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, — a, sweet duck! —*Cre.* O Troilus, Troilus!

[too:

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace
 O heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

*Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,**By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away no-
 thing, for we may live to have need of such a verse;
 we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. *Cressid*, I love thee in so strange a purity,
 That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
 (More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?*Pan.*

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 77

Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly : while injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,

Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Each other bought, must poorly sell our selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious Time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thiev'ry up he knows not how.

As many farewels as be stars in heav'n,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,

He fumbles up all in one loose adieu ;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *come*, to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience ; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears ? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks* !
When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love ; be thou but true of heart--

Cre. I true ? how now ? what wicked deem is this ?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us : —

I speak not *be thou true*, as fearing thee :

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That

78 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

That there's no maculation in thy heart ;
But *be thou true* say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation : be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent : but I'll be true. [sleeve.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I⁶ see you then ?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns ! *be true* again ?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love : the *Grecian* youths
Are full of subtle qualities, they're loving,
7 'They're well compos'd, with⁸ gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
How novelties may move, and parts with person——
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns ! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit : I can't sing
Nor heel the high lavolt ; nor sweeten talk ;
Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discourfivè devil,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will ?

Troi. No.

But something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Aene. [Within.] Nay, good my Lord——

Troi.

6 see you ?

7 well compos'd

8 gift

Troi.

Par.

Troi.

And b

Cre.

Troi.

While

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9 As

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 79

Troi. Come kifs, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother *Troilus*!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Aeneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Aeneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the Lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.

At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair, and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam's* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Plead your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the 'zeal' of my petition towards thee
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio.

9 As *Priam* is

1 seal . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

80 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Dio. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, *be't so*;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour——*no*.

Troi. Come to the port——I'll tell thee, *Diomede*,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand ——and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Aene. How have we spent this morning!
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus'* fault. Come, come to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on *Hector's* heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Aga. **H**ERE art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage;
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purse;

Now

Now c
Blow,
Out-sw
Come
Thou b
Ulyf.
Achil.
Aga.
Ulyf.
He rise
In aspi

Aga.
Dio.
Aga.

(a) —
Nest.
Ulyf.
Twere b
Nest.
So much
Achil.
Achilles b
Men.
Pat. I
For thus
And part
Ulyf. C
For whic
Pat. T
Patroclus
Men.
Pat. A
Men.
Cre. I
Pat. B
Cre. I
The kifs
Therefor

2 no
Vol.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 81

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
 Blow, villain, 'till thy sphered bias cheek
 Out-swell the cholick of puffed *Aquilon* :
 Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood :
 Thou blow'st for *Hector*. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulys. ² Yet no trumpet answers.

Achil. It is but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomedes* with *Calchas'* daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
 He rises on his toe ; that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes and Cressida.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida* ?

Dio. Ev'n she.

Aga. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet Lady ! ^a

Dio.

(a) ——— sweet Lady !

Nest. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.

So much for *Nestor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kissing now :

For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,

And parted thus, you and your argument.

Ulys. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Pat. The first was *Menelaus'* kiss———this mine———

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Pat. *Paris* and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir : Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive ?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,

The kiss you take is better than you give ;

Therefore no kiss.

² no trumpet answers.

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F

Men.

82 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Dio. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomedes leads out Cressida.]

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her :
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip :
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body :
Oh these Encounterers ! 4 'tho' glib of tongue,
They give a coasting welcome ere it comes ;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader : set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans trumpet !

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece ! what shall be done
To him that victory commands ? or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or 5 'shall they be divided

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady ? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not ; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his horn :
May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulys. Why then, for Venus' sake give me a kiss :
When Helen is a maid again, and his

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word—&c.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Nest. A woman of quick sense !

Dio. Lady, a word—&c.

4 so

5 shall be

By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

'Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
 In the extremity of great and little
 Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing; weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesie.

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood,
 In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
 This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Æneas*
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath. The combatants being kin
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:

F 2

Manly

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Manly as *Heſtor*, but more dangerous;
 For *Heſtor* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
 To tender objects; but he in heat of action
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.
 They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
 A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Heſtor*.
 Thus ſays *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
 Ev'n to his inches, and with private ſoul
 Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*]

S C E N E IX.

Heſtor and Ajax fight.

Aga. They are in action.

Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Heſtor*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.

Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets ceaſe.*]

Dio. You muſt no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Heſtor* pleaſes.

Heſt. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;

A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo

That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan*; the ſinews of this leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter

Bounds in my fire's; by *Jove* multipotent,

Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member,

Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made

Of our rank feud: But the juſt Gods gainſay,

That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,

My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword

Bc

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus—
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector*!
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. 'Not *Neoptolemus*' fire so mirable⁷
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:
The issue is embracement: ⁸ 'farewel, *Ajax*.'

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion:

F 3

But

⁷ Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁸ *Ajax*, farewel.

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But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bid thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Heet. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

[To *Troilus*.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Heet. Whom must we answer?

Aene. The noble *Menelaus*.

Heet. O—you, my Lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Heet. O, pardon—I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Lo! Jupiter is yonder dealing life.
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestling. 'Thus I've seen thee,
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good,
But, by great *Mars* the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Heet. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,

That

9 This I've seen

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time.—

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophesie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator Time
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord '*Ulysses* : now,'
Now, *Hector*, I have sed mine eyes on thee,
I have with ² 'view exact' perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

F 4

Achil.

¹ *Ulysses*;—thou!

² exact view

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Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Heet. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Heetor's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns!

Heet. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again.
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Heet. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that stithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Heetor*,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you 'to be at odds' with him.

Heet. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Heetor*?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

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Heet. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Heetor*'s leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To taste your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great foldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus*' tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir.
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover
There, ⁴that now wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd: she is, and doth.
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ that wails

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty 'botch' of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.^a

Pat. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk;
thou art thought to be *Achilles's* ⁵ male-harlot.

Pat. ⁵ Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs,
loads o' gravel i' th' back; lethargies, cold palsies,
raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders
full of imposthume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i' th' palms,
incurable bone-ake, and the rivall'd fee-simple of the

(a) In this answer *Thersites* only quibbles upon the word *Tent*.

⁴ batch . . . old. edit. *Theob. emend.*

⁵ Male-Varlet. . . . old edit. *Thirl. emend.*

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etter, take and take again such preposterous ⁶'debaucheries!

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of fley'd silk; thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye; thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-lies, diminutives of nature!

Pat. ⁷'Nut-gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battel:

Here is a letter from *Queen Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my fair love,^a

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,

Fall Greek, fail fame; honour, or go, or stay,

My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves ^b quails, but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive statue, and ⁸'antique' memorial of cuckolds) a thrifty shoeing-horn

(a) This is a circumstance taken from the story-book of the three destructions of Troy.

(b) Meaning wanton Women: Quails being of so hot a constitution that it is a proverb among the French, *Chaud comm' une caille*. And *Des cailles coiffées* is an expression used by Rabelais. Theob.

6 discoveries 7 Out, gall! 8 oblique

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horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg ; to what form, but that ⁹he is of, shouldⁿ wit larded with malice, and malice farced with wit ¹'turn him ?ⁿ to an ass were nothing, he is both ass and ox ; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass : to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care ; but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Thersites* ; for I care not to be the lowse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*.—Hey-day, spirits and fires !

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomedes, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyf. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*, welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now, fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good-night to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good-night, my Lord.

Hect. Good-night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draff — sweet, quoth a — sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to those that go or tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

Achil. Old *Nestor* tarries ; you too, *Diomedes*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business,

⁹ he is, should

¹ turn him to ?

The tide

Hect.

Ulyf.

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Troi.

Hect.

Achil.

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Dio.

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Ulyf.

Troi.

Dio.

The

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 93

The tide whereof is now ; good-night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent :
I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good-night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally all but Therites.*

Ther. That same *Diomedes* a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave : I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like *Brabler* the hound ; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change : the sun borrows of the moon, when *Diomedes* keeps his word. I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after — Nothing but lechery ; all incontinent varlets. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

CALCHAS'S Tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. WHAT, are you up here, ho ? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls ? [ter ?

Dio. *Diomedes* ; *Calchas*, I think ; where's your daughter ?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, after them Therites.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. *Cressid* come forth to him ?

Dio. How now, my charge ?

Cre.

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Cre. Now, my sweet guardian! hark, a word with you
[*Whisper.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take
her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled
with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. Lift.

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery ———

Dio. Nay, then ———

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forsworn —

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience ———

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomede*!

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray
Left your displeasure should enlarge it self

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you ———

Ulys. Good my Lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments, will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good-night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian — why, *Greek* —

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you go? You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles these together! fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will come; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord, will not be my self, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomedes*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My Lord!

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well:

He

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He lov'd me : — O false wench ! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't ?

Cre. It is no matter now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, *Diomedes*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens : well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you Gods — O pretty, pretty pledge ;
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it :

²As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomedes* : 'faith, you shall
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this : whose was it ?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was ?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ; and yet it is not —
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewell !

Thou never shalt mock *Diomedes* again.

² As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cre. He that takes that, must take my Heart withal.

old edit. *Thirl. emend.*

Cre.

But it st

Dio.

³/*Troi.*

Pleases

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Ulys.

Troi.

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³ *Ther.*

5 that

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 97

Cre. You shall not go ; — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

³/Troil.¹ Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour? [be plagu'd.

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove*! — do, come: — I shall

Dio. Farewell 'till then. [Exit.

Cre. Good-night: I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,

But my heart with the other eye doth see. —

Ah poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, *my mind is now turn'd whore*.

Ulys. All's done; my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,

Of every syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert 'th' attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressida* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan*.

Troi. She was not sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Vol. VI.

G

Ulys.

³ Ther. ⁴ But with my heart

⁵ that Test . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

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Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square all the sex
By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*. [thers?]

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mo-

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? No, this is *Diomedes*' *Cressid*.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the Gods delight,

If there be rule in unity it self,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause set't up with and against thy self!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can

Revolt without perdition, lofs 'assume

Reason' without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*,

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth,

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point as subtle

As slight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as *Pluto*'s gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:

Instance, O instance! strong as heav'n it self,

The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,

And with another knot five-finger-tied:

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomedes*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;

In characters as red as *Mars* his heart

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TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA. 99

Inflam'd with *Venus* ——— ne'er did young man fancy
 With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul ———
 Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,
 So much by weight hate I her *Diomedes*.
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
 Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which ship-men do the hurricano call,
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear,
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on *Diomedes*.

Then. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain your self:
 Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.

Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home. [adieu!

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord,
 Farewel, revolted fair! and, *Diomedes*,
 Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses*.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomedes*, I
 would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would
 bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the in-
 telligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more
 for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: let-
 chery, letchery, still wars and letchery, nothing else
 holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit*.

S C E N E VI.

*The Palace in TROY.**Enter Hector and Andromache.*

And. **W**Hen was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will sure prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Confort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavn's sweet brother!

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;

Life

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA. 101

Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Heet. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness,
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry: [youth:

Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Heet. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Heet. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools-play, by heav'n, *Hector*.

Heet. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth!

Heet. Fie, savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Heet. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

G 3

SCENE

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S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast :
He is thy crutch ; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector*, come, go back :
Thy wife hath dreamt ; thy mother hath had visions ;
Cassandra doth foresee ; and I my self
Am like a prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith :
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him,

And. Do not, dear father,

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in. [*Exit Androm.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :
Look how thou diest ; look how thy eyes turn pale !
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth !
Behold distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's dead* ! O *Hector* !

Troi.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 103

Troi. Away!

Caf. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'st thy self and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with safety stand about
thee! [*Alarum.*

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and
what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you
one o' these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too,
and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were
curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she
there? [*heart.*

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you —

Troi. Hence, 'brothel-lacquey!' ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life; and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

7 brothel, lacquey! . . . old. edit. *Theob. emend.*

S C E N E IX.

The field between Troy and the Camp.[*Alarum.*]

Enter Therfites:

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that dissembling abominable Varlet, *Diomede*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy* there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that, that same young *Trojan* ass that loves the whore there might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty ^{sneering} rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter *Diomede* and *Troilus*,*Soft* — here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee!

[*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore,
Trojan: now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

S C E N E

§ swearing . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

S C E N E X.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou—for *Hector's* match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee---- live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallow'd one another. I would laugh at that miracle — yet in a sort, lechery eats itself: I'll seek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomede and Servant.

Dio. Go go, my servant, take thou *Troilus'* horse, Present the fair steed to my Lady *Cressid*: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chafis'd the amorous *Trojan*, And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. [Exit Servant.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas* Hath beat down *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*^a Hath *Doreus* prisoner, And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam Upon the pashed corse of the Kings *Epistropus* and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain; *Amphimachus* and *Thoas* deadly hurt; *Patroclus* ta'n or slain, and *Palamedes*

Sore

(a) *The introducing a bastard son of King Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the Story-book of the three destructions of Troy.* Theobald.

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Sore hurt and bruise'd; the dreadful Sagittary^a
Appals our numbers: haste we, *Diomedes*,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame.
There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathea*^b his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flie or die, like scaled shoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulys. Oh, courage, courage, Princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowzie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,

As

(a) This is a fiction taken from the old Story-book which makes a King to come from far to the Assistance of Troy with an armed force, and with it a marvellous beast call'd Sagittary, half Man, half Horse, which made great havock among the Greeks, and struck terror through their army.

Theobald.

(b) From the same book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horse.

Theobald.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 107

As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Had him win all.

S C E N E XII.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face:

Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector! where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my office,
Here that correction: *Troilus*, I say, what, *Troilus*!

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomedes*! turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, *Diomedes*.

Dio. 'No, he is my prize, I will not look on.'

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[Exeunt fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought! my youngest
brother.

Enter

9 He is my prize, I will not look upon.

108 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee ; ' ' now have at thee, ' *Hector.*

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [Fight.]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again :
'Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.]

Hect. Fare thee well ;
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother ?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him : I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off : Fate, hear me what I say ;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [Exit.]

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:
No ? wilt thou not ? I like thy armour well,
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it ; wilt thou not, beast, abide ?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.]

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel ;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath ;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about :
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye :
It is decreed—*Hector* the great must die. [Exeunt.]

I have at thee,

SCENE

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. 109

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therfites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
now bull, now dog ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; now my double-hen'd sparrow ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; the bull has the game : 'ware horns, ho. [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate : one bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard ? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us : If the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward ! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without !
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take my breath :
Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set ;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the sun,
To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil.

110 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek, a

[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*]

So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down:

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty *Hector* slain.

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my Lord,

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates; ^b

Come, tye his body to my horse's tail:

Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*]

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles*.

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be:

Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see us at our tent.

If in his death the Gods have us befriended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field,
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!* — the Gods forbid!

Troi.

(a) *This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, is taken from the old Story-book.*

(b) — the armies separates;

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tye &c.

Troi.
In bea
Frown
Sit, Go
I say at
And lin
Æne
Troi.
I do no
But dar
Address
Who sh
Let him
Go in
That is
Make
Cold st
Scare T
Hector i
Stay ye
Thus p
Let Tit
I'll thr
No spa
I'll hau
That m
Strike a
Hope o

Pan.
Troi.

Pursue t
Pan.
world!
Oh, tra

2 smile

TROILUS and CRESSIDA. III

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed ;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and ² 'smite all *Troy*
I say at once ; let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so :

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone !

Who shall tell *Priam* so ? or *Hecuba* ?

Let him that will a scritch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's dead* :

That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone ;
Make wells and ³ 'rivers' of the maids and wives ;

Cold statues of the youth ; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead : there is no more to say.

Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains :

Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare, [coward !

I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates,

I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frensy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to *Troy* ! with comfort go :

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy ; ignominy, shame

[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name ! [Exeunt.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones ! Oh
world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent despis'd :
Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at
work,

² smile at . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

³ Niobe's

112 TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour
be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse
for it? what instance for it?—let me see—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths—
As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,
Your eyes half out weep out at *Pandar's* fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit

(a) *The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the
Bishop of Winchester.* Pope.



CYMBELINE

Vol.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CYMBELINE.

TRAGEDY.

Vol. VI.

H

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and Cad-*
Arviragus, } *wal, supposed sons to Bellarius.*

Bellarius, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *for some part of the first and second Acts, lyes in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.*

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, day 2. nov. 9. little besides the names being historical.

POPE.

CYM.



C Y M B E L I N E.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

CYMBELINE'S *Palace in Britain.*

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a man but frowns. Our
¹ 'looks,

No more obey the ² 'heart ev'n than our cour-
tiers,

But seem as ³ 'do' the King's.

² Gent. But what's the matter?

¹ Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's King-
dom (whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow

That late he married) hath referr'd her self

Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.

She's wedded, her husband banish'd, she imprison'd.

All's outward sorrow, though I think the King

Be touch'd at very heart.

² Gent. None but the King?

¹ Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,

That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is

Glad at the thing they scowl at.

H 2

² Gent.

¹ bloods,

² heavens than our courtiers;

³ do's

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him ⁴ 'far.'

1 *Gent.* I ⁵ 'don't' extend him, Sir ; within himself
Crush him together rather, than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus* :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who in the wars o' th' time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow
That he quit being ; and his gentle Lady
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred.
His spring became a harvest : ⁶ 'he liv'd in Court'
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st ; to the more mature,

A gla

⁴ fair. . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

⁵ do . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

⁶ liv'd in Court

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child t
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1 *Gent.*
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1 *Gent.*
2 *Gent.*
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et it is
2 *Gent.*
1 *Gent.*
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Queen.
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To

A glass that featur'd them ; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards. 'For' his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
 By her election may be truly read
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, ev'n out of your report.
 But tell me, is she sole child to the King ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
 Wh' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
 Were stol'n ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd !
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
 That could not trace them ! —

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 That the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet it is true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
 The Queen, and Princesses. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
 After the slander of most step-mothers,
 Convey'd unto you : you're my pris'ner, but
 Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
 As soon as I can win th'offended King,
 I will be known your advocate : marry yet
 The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good

H 3

You

To

You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my mistress!
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure — yet I'll move him [*Aside.*]
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he 'buys off' my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,

8 does buy

The lot
Imo.

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Cym.

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Imo.
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Cym.

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9 heap

The lothness to depart would grow: adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little —
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see again?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou 'heapest many
A year's

H 4

9 heap'st a year's

A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your vexation ;
I'm senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. [throne

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; woud'st have made my
A feat for baseness.

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; he is
A man worth any woman ; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What ? art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, Sir ; heav'n restore me ! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*;
Our neighbour-shepherd's son !

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !
They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience ; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign, !
Leave us t' ourselves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly.

[Exit.

Enter

Queen.

Here is y

Pis. M

Queen.

No harm

Pis. T

ut that

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Queen.

Imo. Y

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Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way :

Here is your servant. How now, Sir ? what news ?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,

but that my master rather play'd than fought,

and had no help of anger : they were parted

by gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part,

to draw upon an exile : O brave Sir !

I would they were in *Africk* both together,

my self by with a needle, that I might prick

the goer-back. Why came you from your master ?

Pis. On his command ; he would not suffer me

to bring him to the haven : left these notes

of what commands I should be subject to,

when't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been

your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour

he will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray speak with me ;

you shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.

For this time leave me. —

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Lord. **S**IR, I would advise you to shift a shirt ;
the violence of action hath made you reek
a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in : there's
one abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it —
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, 'faith: not so much as his patience, [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side the town. [*Aside.*

Clot. The villain would not stand me!

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aside.*

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an afs, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen and Pisanio.

Imo. **I** Would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And questioned'st every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere as a paper lost
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His Queen, his Queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kifs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linnen, happier therein than I :
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam ; for so long
As he could ² mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best exprefs how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have ³ made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

[but

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings ; crackt 'em,
To look upon him ; 'till the diminution,
'From space, had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept — but, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,

With

1 ——— 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is.

2 make me with this eye, or ear,

3 made him as

4 Of

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour ; or ⁵ 'could charge him'
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from ⁶ 'blowing.'

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

R O M E.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. **B**ELIEVE it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain* ;
he was then but crescent, none expected him
to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the
name of : ⁷ 'I could' then have look'd on him, without
the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of his en-
dowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse
him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than
now he is, with that which makes him both without and
within.

French.

⁵ have charg'd him,

⁷ But I could

⁶ growing . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment ———

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did attone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by other's experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think ; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses : This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living ; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany* : if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I 'could believe' she excelled many ; but I have not seen the *most* precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her ; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at ?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken ; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail: I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence therein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are 'afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring 'you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are 'mine: so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to under-

stand

9 a Friend, . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

1 you not sufficient . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

2 yours . . . *old edit. Warb. emend.*

stand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, he is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th' assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a vial.

Queen. WHILE yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers.

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lady. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam; but I beseech your Grace without offence

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have commanded of me these most pois'nous compounds?

Which are the movers of a languishing death; but though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor, how thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how to make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so, that our great King himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
 Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet
 That I did amplify my judgment in
 Other conclusions? I will try the forces
 Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
 We count not worth the hanging, but none human;
 To try the vigour of them, and apply
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather
 Their sev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him
 Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
 An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio*?
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. ³ 'That she has
 Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
 Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,
 Then afterward up higher; but there is
 No danger in what shew of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

³ Those.

Queen.

Queen.
Doctor.
Cor.
Queen.
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Queen. No further service,
Doctor, until I ⁴ send.⁵

Cor. 'I take my leave.

[Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think
in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up

[Pisanio looking on the vial.

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;

It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeemed from death; I do not know

What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee take it,

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't as from thy self:

Think what a ⁶ 'change' thou chancest on, but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women —

[Exit Pisanio.

Think on my words. — A fly and constant knave,

I 2

Not

⁴ send for thee.

⁵ I humbly take

⁶ Chance . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

Not to be shak'd ; the agent for his master,
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand fast to her Lord. I've giv'n him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet ; and which she after
 (Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so ; well done, well done ;
 The violets, cowslips, and the prim-roses,
 Bear to my closet ; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. *[Exeunt Queen and Ladies]*

Pis. 'I shall do so :
 But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choak my self ; there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit]*

S C E N E VIII.

Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. **A** Father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded Lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd — O, that husband!
 My supream crown of grief and those repeated
 Vexations of it — had I been thief-stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
 Is the ⁸ degree that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
 How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be ? fie !

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*
 Comes from my Lord with letters.

7 And shall do : 8 desire

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or like the *Parthian* I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most
infinitely tyed: Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
your truest.*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
All that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady.

What, are men mad? hath nature giv'n them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin stones
Upon 'th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' judgment;
Iach. For Idiots in this case of favour would

I 3

Be

trust. the number'd . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

Be wisely definite. Nor in the appetite;
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit ev'n emptiness,
Not so allure't to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running; ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you? are you well?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well.

'Beseech you, Sir, desire my man's abode [*To Pisanio.*
Where I did leave him; he is strange and ² 'sheepish.'

Pis. I ³ 'was just going, Sir, to give him welcome.

[*Exit Pisanio.*

Imo. Continues well my Lord? his health, 'beseech

Iach. Well, Madam.

[*you.*

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; ⁴ 'not' a stranger there
So merry and so game some; he is call'd
The *Briton* reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home: He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries Ob!
Can my sides bold, to think, that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free bours languish out
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach.

² peevish.

³ was going,

⁴ none

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
 is a recreation to be by
 and hear him mock the *Frenchman*: but heav'n knows
 some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'ards him
 might

be us'd more thankfully: In himself 'tis much;
 in you, whom I count his beyond all talents, —
 whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 to pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me
 deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 th' dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

deliver with more openness your answers
 to my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do —

was about to say, enjoy your — but
 is an office of the Gods to venge it,
 not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
 since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 than to be sure they do; for certainties
 are past remedies; or timely 'known,
 the remedy's then born;) discover to me
 what both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

to bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
 to th' oath of loyalty, this object, which

I 4

Takes

5 knowing, The remedy then born,

Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol? join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood, as with labour?
 Then glad my self by peeping in an eye
 Base and unlustrious as the smoaky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
 Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself. Not I
 Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
 That from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
 Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
 So fair, and fastned to an empery
 Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
 That play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature! such boyld stuff
 As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd
 Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
 Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd, alas!
 How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
 As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
 How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like *Diana's* 'priestess, 'twixt cold sheets?
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps

6 priest, betwixt . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

In your despight, upon your purse? revenge it!
dedicate my self to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*! ———

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange:
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio*! ———

The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A sawcy stranger in his Court to mart
As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*! ———

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath, of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit: blessed live you long,

Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
For the most worthy fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest-manner'd, such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies 'unto him:
Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended God;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

7 into

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try ^s you with a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon. [yours.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i' th' Court for

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled fums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

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Imo. I

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9 him

Imo. I thank you for your pains ;

but not away to-morrow ?

Iach. I must, Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
to greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-stood my time, which is material
to th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:

and your trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
and truly yielded you: you're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd
the *Jack* upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had
an hundred pound on't; and then a whorson
jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I bor-
rowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them
my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his
state with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like 'his' that broke it,
would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog! I give him satisfaction? would
he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth,—
a pox

Imo.
9 him

a pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my mother ; every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aside.

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that : but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to Court to-night ?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't ?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [Aside.

1 Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus* ! a banish'd rascal ; and he's another, 'whosoever' he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? is there no derogation in't ?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian* : what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come ; go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Cloten.

That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,

1 whatsoever

And

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Imogen

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2 he'll m

And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st !
 Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
 A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer,
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce ² 'hell made.' The heav'ns hold firm
 The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
 That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
 T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land ! [*Exe.*]

S C E N E II.

A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. WHO's there ? my woman *Helen* ?

Lady. Please you, Madam —

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then, mine eyes are weak,
 fold down the leaf where I have left ; to bed —

Take not away the taper, leave it burning :
 and if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
 prythee call me — sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, Gods ;
 from fairies and the tempters of the night
 guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 repairs it self by rest : our *Tarquin* thus
 did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 the chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
 how bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lilly,
 and whiter than the sheets ! that I might touch,

But

2 he'll make. —

But kiss, one kiss — rubies unparagon'd
 How dearly they do't! — 'tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
 Bows tow'ard her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th' inclosed lights, now canopy'd
³ Under those curtains white with azure lac'd,
 The blue of heav'n's own tinct. — But my design's
 To note the chamber — I will write all down,
 Such and such pictures — there the window — such
 Th' adornment of her bed — the arras, figures —
 Why, such and such — and the contents o' th' story —
 Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testifie, t' inrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chappel lying! Come off, come off. —

[Taking off her bracelet]

As slipp'ry as the Gordian knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience do's within,
 To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' th' bottom of a cow-slip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more — to what end
 Why should I write this down that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading late,
 The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough —
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May ⁴ bare it's raven-eye: I lodge in fear,

Though

(a) *The Raven's eye is remarkably large and grey.*

³ Under these windows white and azure, lac'd with . . . old edit.
Warb. emend.

⁴ bear the . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*

S C E N E III.

Without the Palace under Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

Lord. **Y**Our Lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble
temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious
when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If
I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have gold enough:
It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advised
to give her musick a-mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your
singing, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will
do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a
very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful
sweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let
her consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark, the lark at heav'n's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

'Each chalic'd flower supplies:

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes,

'With

5 On chalic'd flowers that lies:

'With all the things that pretty bin :'

My Lady sweet, arise :

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone — if this penetrate, I will confide
your musick the better : if it do not, it is a vice in he
ears ; which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, ⁷ 'with' the voice
of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason
I was up so early : he cannot chuse but take this service
I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty
and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter
Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouch-
safes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him : some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self
To orderly solicits ; and befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Encrease your services ; so seem, as if
You are inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her : that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

6 With every thing that pretty is :

7 nor

Enter

Mef.

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Cym.

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Lady.

Clot.

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Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome;
One's Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, 'for's' goodness fore-spent on us,
We must extend our notice: our dear son,
When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress,
Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our Queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
I know her women are about her — what
If I do line one of their hands? — 'tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Clotiana's rangers false themselves, and yield
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Yea, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

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Than.

8 the one is 9 his

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of : what's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name?
Or to report of you what 'I think good?'
The Princess —

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest ; sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, Sir ; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me ; 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesie
To your best kindness : one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin
I will not do't.

Imo. Fools 'cure' not mad folks, Sir.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad ;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's manners
By being so verbal : and learn now for all,
That I who know my heart, do here pronounce

1 I shall think is good? 2 are . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

By th' very truth of it, I care not for you :
And am so near the lack of charity
I'll accuse my self, I hate you : which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father ; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' th' Court,) it is no contract, none :
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean ?) to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot ;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' th' crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler ; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow !
Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm ; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Clot. How now ?

Imo. *Pisanio* !

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment ? now, the Devil —

K 2

Imo.

3 Were they all made such men. How now, *Pisanio* ?

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse — go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm — it was thy master's. 'Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

[Exit *Pisario*]

Clot. You have abus'd me —
His meanest garment? —

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

'Call witness to't, if you will make't an action.'

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

[Exit]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest garment? — well.

[Exit]

S C E N E V.

R O M E.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. FEAR it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish

Th

4 If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

That warmer days would come ; in these fear'd hopes
barely gratifie your love ; they failing,
must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er-pays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus* ; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission thoughtly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Ereⁿ look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The 'legions' now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. Sure the swift harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your Lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

K 3

And

Or . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.* 6 legion . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,

7 'But was not yet approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.

Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold;

I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,

Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir; we must,

If you keep covenant; had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question farther; but I now

Profess my self the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring; and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,

And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour, gains or loses

Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both

To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances

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Iach.

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Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry ⁸ of silver'd silk ; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks or for
The press of boats, or pride : a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value ; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was.

Post. ⁹ Why, this is true ;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chast *Dian*, bathing ; never saw I figures
So ¹ 'lively' to report themselves ; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb out-went her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely

K 4

Depend-

⁸ of silk and silver ;

⁹ This is true ;

¹ likely

Depending on their brands.

Post. ² 'What's this t' her honour?
Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see! —
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!* —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. ³ 'She' pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false! —

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows one of her women, being corrupted,
⁴ 'Might not have stol'n' it from her?

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,

² This is her honour . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

³ May be, she ⁴ Hath stol'n

Render to me some corporal sign about her—
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
Tis true——nay, keep the ring——'tis true; I'm sure

She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to steal it!

And by a stranger!——no, he hath enjoy'd her.
The cognizance of her incontinency

Is this: sh'hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,

Of one perswaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,

Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,

I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember

This stain upon her?

Post. Aye, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,

Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick. Count not the turns:
Once, and a million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.

And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before

Her

Her father——I'll do something——

Phil. Quite besides.

The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

SCENE VII.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some coyners with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this——Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rose, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——that I thought her
As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour——was't not?——
Or less; at first? perchance he spoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
'From' what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me——for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,

5 But

Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all—for even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them——yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords
 at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius and
 Attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remembrance
 Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues [yet
 e theme, and hearing ever) was in *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine uncle
 Famous in *Cæsar*'s praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is
 A world it self, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume

We

We have again. Remember, Sir my Liege,
 The Kings your ancestors; together with
 The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands
 As *Neptune's* park ribbed and paled in
 With ⁶ 'rocks' unscalable, and roaring waters,
 With sand that will not bear your enemies boats,
 But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: With shame,
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
 Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
 said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of them may
 have crook'd noses, but to ⁷ 'owe' such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
Cassibelan; I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.
 Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? if *Cæsar*
 can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
 in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else
 Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
⁸ 'This tribute,' we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' world, against all colour here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, ⁹ 'such as we'

⁶ oaks . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁸ This tribute from us

⁷ own

⁹ which we

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Cym.

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Clot.

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i he to

Reckon our selves to be. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
 Ordain'd our laws whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
 Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
 (*Cæsar* that hath more Kings his servants, than
 Thy self domestick officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War and confusion
 In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for my self,

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
 Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which 'as he seeks' of me again perforce,
 Behooves me keep't at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-
 wards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water
 girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall
 in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you;
 and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
 All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

he to seek

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Pisanio reading a letter.

Pis. **H**OW? of adultery? wherefore write you not
 What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
 Oh master, what a strange infection
 Is fall'n into thy ² 'heart?' what false *Italian*,
 As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready ear? Disloyal? no,
 She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
 More Goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue. Oh my master!
 Thy mind to ³ 'hers' is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes. How? that I should murder her?
 Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command!—I her!—her blood!
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter* [*Reading*]
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
 Art thou a foedarie for this act, that look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
 That knew the stars, as I his characters:
 He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

² ear?

³ her

Of my Lord's health, of his content; yet not
 That we two are afunder; let that grieve him!
 Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
 Or it doth physick love: of his content
 In all but that! Good wax, thy leave——blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young Cupid's tables: good news, Gods!

[Reading.]

Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in
 his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, ob
 the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your
 eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-
 Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you,
 follow. So be wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal
 to his vow, and your's increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st,
 Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond——say, and speak thick;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the sense——how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*: and by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 I inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 Till our return, t' excuse——but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born or-e'er begot?

We'll

4 all but in that

We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'T'wixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard 'of wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home t' her father: and provide me present
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but *Milford-way*. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

A Forest with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A Goodly day! not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours: 'stoop, boys
this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

5 of riding wagers

6 see,

Arv.

Bel.

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7 bauble

Arr. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain-sport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a 'bribe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best, sweeter to you
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A prison, for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December*, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing,
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

VOL. VI.

L

Bel.

7 bauble;

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o'th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
I'th' name of fame and honour; which dies i'th' search,
And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse,
Must curt'sie at the censure:—Oh boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With *Roman* swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time—but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place ^s of state: I'll meet you in the vallies

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus*

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Imo.

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How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
 They think they're mine: ⁹'and, though train'd¹ up thus
 meanly

'I'th' cave here on this brow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
 In simple and low things to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
 The King his father called *Guiderius*,) *Jove*!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly
 'Out at my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
 And thus I set my foot on's neck — even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwal*,
 (Once *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
 Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
 His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd —
 Oh *Cymbeline*! heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou 'rest'ft me of my lands. *Euriphile*,
 Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to ³'thy grave;
 My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the
 place

L 2

Was

⁹ tho' trained ¹ I'th' cave, there, on the brow,
² Out into my story: ³ her

Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd 't his mother so
 To see ' him first, as I have now. *Pisanio*,
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish thy steadier senses — what's the matter?
 Why offer'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? if't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the strumpet in my
 bed: the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak
 not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my
 grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part
 thou, *Pisanio*, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted
 with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her
 life: I shall give thee opportunity at *Milford-Haven*. She
 hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike,
 and to make me certain it is done, thou art the Pander to her
 dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
 Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
 Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock; if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whose feathers are her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh,
Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy: not born where't grows,
But worn, a bait for Ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me —

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon's* weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the level to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy master is not there; who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;

L 3

Thou

6 mother was

7 leven

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart —
Something afore't — soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[*Opening her breast.*]

Obedient as the scabbard! — What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
All turned to heresie? away, away,

[*Pulling his letters out of her bosom.*]

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That didst set up my disobedience
Against the King my father, and didst make
Me put into contempt 'even the suits'
Of princely fellows; shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me — Pr'ythee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

8 That set my disobedience 'gainst the King, and mads't 9 the suits

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Pis. 'I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.'

Imo. 'Wherefore' then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
so many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horses labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course; good Lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be
But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
And singular in his art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* courtezan —

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
I should do so. You shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am

L 4

Dead

1 I'll break mine eye-balls first. 2 Ah, wherefore

Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court —

Imo. No Court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, *Cloten*:
That *Cloten* whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide: Where then?

Imo. Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain*? i' th' world's volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of *Britain*.

Pis. I'm most glad
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply near
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh,
That though his action were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
(Though peril to my modesty; not death on't)
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(Th' handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: pay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

3 *Imo.* Where then? Hath &c.

4 mind . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

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5 heart

Exposing it (but oh the harder / hap-
 Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
 Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 See into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 'Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, before *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which you'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in musick, doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
 The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I'm foldier'd to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's courage. 'Haste away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
 Left, being miss'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
 Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen! I thank thee. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE

5 heart . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

6 will 7 away

S C E N E V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. **T**Hus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his yolk; and for our self
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir, 'I desire'
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th'event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross't the *Severn*. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,

3 I desire of you

our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness ;
 the powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
 will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
 his war for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
 it must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
 hath made us forward. But, my gentle *Queen*,
 where is our daughter ? she hath not appear'd
 before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
 the duty of the day. She looks as like
 nothing more made of malice, than of duty ;
 we've noted it. Call her before us, for
 we've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Messenger.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
 since th' exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
 hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my Lord,
 this time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,
 forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
 tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
 and strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Cym. Where is she ? 'and how
 in her contempt be answer'd ?

Mes. Please you, Sir,
 her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
 that will be giv'n to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
 I pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
 thereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
 I should that duty leave unpaid to you
 which daily she was bound to proffer ; this
 I wish'd me to make known ; but our great Court
 made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd ?
 not seen of late ? grant heav'ns, that which I fear

Prove

how

Prove false! [Exit]

Queen. Son, I say; 'follow you the King.'

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit]

Queen. Go, look after [To the Messenger]
² 'Pisanio — he that standeth so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day! [Exit Queen]

Clot. I love and hate her. For she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
³ 'Than any lady, winning from each one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore: but
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choak'd, and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
To be reveng'd upon her, For when fools
Shall —

¹ follow the King.

² *Pisanio*, thou that stands't so for *Posthumus*!

³ Than lady, ladies, woman, from each one. . . old edit. War
emend.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? what! are you packing, firrah?
 Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
 Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends. [*Drawing his sword.*

Pis. Oh, good my Lord!

Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,

I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas! my Lord,
 How can she be with him? when was she miss'd?
 She is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
 No farther halting; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word; no more of worthy Lord.
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 My condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
 Even to *Augustus'* throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

He's far enough, and what he learns by this,
 May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she's dead. Oh,

Imogen,

May'st thou wander, safe return again!

} *Aside,*

} *Aside.*

Clot.

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villain so'er I bid thee do, perform it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest man, thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of the beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast thou of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at the lodging, the same he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven ——— I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; ——— even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes — there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my husband hath dined, (which as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the Court I

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CYMBELINE. 175

kick her back, foot her home again. She hath de-
is'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the
second thing that I have commanded thee. The third
that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.
but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself
thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had
ings to follow it! come and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee,
ere to prove false, which I will never be,
o's 'her' that is most true. To *Milford* go,
and find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
ou heav'nly blessings, on her! this fool's speed
e crost with slowness; labour be his meed! *[Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in boy's Cloaths.

I See a man's life is a tedious one:

I've tired my self; and for two nights together
have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
that that my resolution helps me. *Milford*,
then from the mountain-top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
thou wast within a ken. O *Jove*, I think
foundations fly the wretched, such I mean
where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
that have affliction on them, knowing 'tis
punishment or tryal? 'yet no wonder,

When

4 knock

5 him

6 yes no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falshood
Is worse in Kings, than beggars. My dear Lord !
Thou'rt one o' th' false ones ; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but ev'n before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ?

[*Seeing the Cave*
Here is a path to't — 'tis some savage hold ;
I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace ? (breed) cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
8 'Take, or yield food, no answer ?' then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heav'ns ! [*She goes into the Cave*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast ; *Cadwal* and I
Will play the cook, and servant, 'tis our match :
The sweat of industry would dry, and die
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury ; weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thy self !

Guid. I'm thoroughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite. [*th*

Guid. There is cold meat i' th' cave, we'll brouze
Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in — [*Looking*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir ?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an Angel ! or if not,

7 breeds

8 Take or lend — Ho ! no answer ?

an earthly paragon. Behold divineness
 no elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
 before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
 I have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
 gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
 would have left it on the board so soon
 as I had made my meal: and parted thence
 With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty Gods!

Imo. I see you're angry:
 now, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. 'Say, what is your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
 is bound for *Italy*: 'he embarks at *Milford*,
 to whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 by this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
 ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
 Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
 should wooe hard, but be your groom in honesty;
 I'd bid for you, as I would buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort

VOL. VI.

M

He

9 What's your name? 1 he embark'd

2 I bid for you, as I do buy.

He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers — Would it had been so that they
Had been my father's sons ; then had my 'price' } *Afide*
Been less, and so more equal 'balancing'
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free't !

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger ; Gods !

Bel. Hark, boys. *[Whispering]*

Imo. Great men,
That had a Court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of 'defering' multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we've sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray draw near.

Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, let
welcome ! *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E

(a) ——— less welcome ! *[Exeunt]*

S C E N E VIII. Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* **T**His is the tenor of the Emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia*, are

3 prize 4 ballasting 5 differing. . . *old edit. Theob. emend.*

SCENE VIII.

CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

A Gain ; and bring me word how 'tis with her ;
 A fever with the absence of her son ;
 Sickness, of which her life's in danger ; heav'n's !
 How deeply you at once do touch me ! *Imogen*,
 The great part of my comfort, gone ! my Queen
 On a desperate bed, and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me ! her son gone,
 Needful for this present ! it strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 That seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
 As a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 And it at your will : but for my mistress,
 Nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 When she purposes return. *Beseech* you,
 And me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,

M 2

The

Will weak to undertake our war against
 The fall'n off *Britann* ; that we do incite
 The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul : and to you the Tribunes
 For this immediate levy, he commands
 An absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar* !

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the forces ?

Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia* ?

Sen. With those legions.

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy

Must be suppliant : the words of your commission

Will tie you to the numbers and the time

Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

Your highness

The day that she was missing, he was here ;
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,
 ' He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
 We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
 Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
 The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
 Are landed on your coast, with large supply
 Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cymb. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen :
 I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
 Your preparation can affront no less
 Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you
 ready ;

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
 That long to move.

Cym. I thank you ; let's withdraw
 And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
 What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
 We grieve at chances here. ' Come, let's away.'

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and L*

Pis. ' I've had no letter from my master, since
 I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange ;
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
 To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
 What is betid to *Cloten*, but remain
 Perplext in all. The heavens still must work ;
 Wherein I'm false, I'm honest ; ' not true, true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them ;
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd ;
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

7 And

8 Away.

9 I heard

1 not true, to b

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The FOREST.**Enter Cloten alone.*

Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pis-
anio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments
serve me! why should his mistress, who was made
him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather,
owing reverence of the word,) because 'tis said, a
man's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the
workman; I dare speak it to my self, for it is no vain-
ry for a man and his glass to confer in his own cham-
ber; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as
his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in
tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,
above him in birth, alike conversant in general services,
and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this
ill-perseverant thing loves him in my despight. What
mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy head which is now grow-
ing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy
mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before 'her
face; and all this done, 'I'll spurn her home to her fa-
ther, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so
rough usage; but my mother having power of his testi-
monies, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is
led up safe: out, sword, and to a fore purpose! fortune
bring them into my hand! this is the very description of
their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive
me. *[Exit.]*

imperseverant 3 thy old edit. Warb. emend. 4 spurn

M 3

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

The Front of the Cave.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave,
We'll come t' you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick : so please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course ; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of't. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee : I have spoke it ;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason. The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain !

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(b) —
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5 And

worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! ^a

in not their father, yet who this should be

both miracle it self; lov'd before me! —

is the ninth hour o'th' morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. Your health——so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!

our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court: ^b

I am sick still, heart-sick——*Pisano,*

I now taste of thy drug. *[Drinks out of the vial.*

Guid. I could not stir him;

he said that he was gentle, but unfortunate;

dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field!

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,

or you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,

I am bound to you.

[Exit Imogen.]

Bel. 'And so shalt' be ever.

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had

good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arv. He cut our roots in characters,

M 4

And

(a) —— breed of greatness!

Towards father cowards, and base things fire the base:

Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

I'm not, &c.

(b) —— but at Court:

Experience, oh how thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

poor tributary rivers, as sweet fish;

I am sick still, &c.

5 And shalt

And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh.^a

Guid. ⁶ 'Yes, I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root⁷ 'from thy⁸ increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

S C E N E III.

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'th' Queen; I fear some ambush —
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus*]

Clot. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineers —
I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

(a) ——— a sigh:
As if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note, &c.

⁶ I do note,

⁷ with the

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Guid. T

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Yield,

8 Adder

Clot. Thou art a robber,

law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I

an arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

My words I grant are bigger: for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art

Why I should yield to thee.

Clot. Thou villain base,

now'st me not by my cloaths?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!

My tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank

the man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,

and loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,

fear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.

Guid. *Cloten* then, double villain, be thy name,

cannot tremble at it; were it toad,

Adder, or spider, it would move me sooner.

Clot. 'Then to thy further fear,

say, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know

my son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming

so worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear, the wise:

at fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,

I'll follow those that even now fled hence,

and on the gates of *Lud*'s town set your heads;

Yield, mountaineer.

[*Fight and Exeunt.*]

SCENE

8 Adder, spider,

9 To thy

1 Yield, rustick mountaineer.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of ^a'daring' terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the ³'cure' of fear. But see thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't; not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow
And set them on *Lud's* town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?

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Arv.

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Guid.

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Bel.

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Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For we do fear no law. What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his 'humour'
Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
Nor absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foresay it: howsoe'er
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy *Fidele's* sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son *Cloten*.
That's all I reck. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'st

Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro',
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and *Fidele* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a 'marish' of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thy self thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchas'd,) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
In embassie to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn musick.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark.

5 parish . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

Guid.

Bel.

Guid.

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(a) —

Triump

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SCE

6 C

Guid.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother did not speak before. All solemn things should answer solemn accidents. The matter?

SCENE V

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish⁶ 'carack'
Might eas'liest harbour in?—thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but ah!
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
'Tell me, how found you him?'

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O'th' floor:

His

(a) — The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

SCENE V. &c.

⁶ Care . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁷ How found you him?

His arms thus leagu'd ; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps ;
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near^s /him.²

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,
(Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,)
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, which, not to⁹ /slander^t,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill (oh bill sore-flaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lye
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To¹ /winter-gownⁿ thy coarse.——

Guid. Pr'ythee have done,
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
As once our mother : use like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwal*,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*

^s thee. ⁹ slander ¹ winter-ground. . . . *ald edis. Warb. emend.*

quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
and though he came our enemy, remember
He has paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
together have one dust; yet reverence,
The angel of the world,) doth make distinction
of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was Princely,
and though you took his life, as being our foe,
yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.

Herfites' body is as good as *Ajax*,

when neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst: brother, begin.

[Exit, Bellarius.]

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' east;
my father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,

Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must

As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,

Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;

Care no more to cloath and eat;

To thee the reed is as the oak:

The scepter, learning, physick, must

All follow ^{as} thee, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must

Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. And no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,

Unremoved be thy grave!

Enter Bellarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o'th' night
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves. — ' Upon the face —
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so
These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow.
Come on, away, apart upon our knees —
The ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exit]

S C E N E VI.

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way? —
I thank you — by yond bush — pray how far
thence? —

'Ods pittikins — can it be six mile yet? —
I've gone all night — 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft! no bedfellow: — oh Gods, and Goddeffes!

[*Seeing the body*

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the ' cares ' on't. — I hope I dream
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

4 And renowned

5 Upon their faces —

6 care

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7 his

tremble still with fear; but if there be
 et left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 as a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
 he dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
 without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 headless man! — the garments of *Posthumus*?
 know the shape of's leg, this is his hand,
 his foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
 the arms of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face —
 further in heav'n! — how' — 'tis gone — *Pisanio*! —
 all curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 and mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
 was thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 henceforth treach'rous! Damn'd *Pisanio*
 with his forged letters ——— damn'd *Pisanio* ———
 from this the bravest vessel of the world
 struck the main top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 and left 'thy' head on. How should this be? *Pisanio*! —
 is he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them
 have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 the drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 and cordial to me, have I not found it
 surd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 this is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Cloten*'s. Oh!
 give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 that we the horridier may seem to those
 which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

S C E N E VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 after your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 you here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
 they are in readiness.

VOL. VI.

N

Luc.

7 his

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind:

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,

[To the Soothsayer]

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last ⁸ / very night the Gods shew'd me a vision
⁹ / (I fasting pray'd for their intelligence)
I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
There ¹ / vanish in the sun-beams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him: but dead rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature ² / did it,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

⁸ night the very

⁹ I fast and

¹ vanish'd

² did

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not,
 nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
 very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
 that here by mountaineers lyes slain : alas !
 there are no more such masters : I may wander
 from east to occident, cry out for service,
 try many, all good, serve them truly, never
 find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
 thy master bleeding : say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp.* If I do lie, and do
 no harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [Aside,
 they'll pardon't. Say you, Sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. *Fidele.*

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same ;
 thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.

Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
 thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 no less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's letters
 sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
 than thine own worth prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
 as these poor pickaxes can dig : and when
 with wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
 and on it said a century of pray'rs,
 (such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
 and leaving so his service follow you,
 please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
 and rather father thee, than master thee.
 My friends,

the boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
 find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
 and make him with our pikes and partizans

A grave; come, ^aarm him: boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[Exeunt]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountàins, there secure us.
To the King's party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* death, we being not known nor muster'd
Among the bands may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
(In such a time) nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him

Fro

(a) *That is*, take him up in your arms.

from my remembrance. And besides, the King
 hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
 The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
 To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd,
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
 Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army ;
 And my brother are not known ; your self
 Out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
 Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
 All thither ; what thing is it, that I never
 Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
 But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
 Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
 A rider like my self who ne'er wore rowel,
 Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy sun, to have
 The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
 So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go ;
 If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me by
 The hands of *Romans* !

Arv. So say I, *Amen* !

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
 No slight a valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
 In your country wars you chance to die,
 That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.

Lead, lead ; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn,

[*Aside.*

Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married one
 If each of you would take this course, how many
 Must murder wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little ? oh *Pisanio* !
 Every good servant does not all commands ;
 No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods ! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this ; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love
 To have them fall no more ; you some permit,
 To second ills with ills, each worse than other
 And make them ³'dreaded,' to the doers thrift.
 But *Imogen's* your own : do your best wills,
 And make me blest t'obey ! I am brought hither
 Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom ; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress : Peace,
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self
 As do's a *Briton* peasant ; so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life

3 dread it , , , old edit. Theob. emend.

every breath a death ; and thus ⁴'not known,
 tried, ⁵'or¹ hated, to the face of peril
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habit shews ;
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me !
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door ; and the British army at another : Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthumus ; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood ; I've bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this country ; and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me : or could this carle,
 A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
 In my profession ? knight-hoods, honours born,
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn ;
 If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

The battel continues ; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken ; then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand ; we have th' advantage of the ground,
 That lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy self ;
 For

N 4

4 unknown

5 nor

For friends kill friends, and the disorders such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Jach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the field of Battle.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. **C**Am'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* seen; all flying
Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughter, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: 'thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer

Than thof
Make' goo
Our Brita
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Or we are
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Tha

Than those ⁶for preservation cas'd) *For shame*
Make good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's ⁷hearts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards: stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: stand, stand—— These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing;) with this word *Stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks
 Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some turn'd coward
 But by example (oh a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'th' hunters. Then began
 A stop i'th' chaser, a retire; anon
 A rout confusion-thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o'th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
 O'er-born i'th' former wave; ten chac'd by one
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o'th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance;
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; ⁸'tho' you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,

Than

6 for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made, &c.

7 hearts . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

8 you are made

Than to work any. ^a

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

Post. This is a Lord; oh noble misery
To be i'th' field, and ask what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd, ^b
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; ^c and hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives in war. Well, I will find him
For being now a favourer to the 'Roman,
No more a Briton; I've resum'd again,
The part I came in; fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be,
Britons must take! For me, my ransom's death,
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 Cap

(a) — Than to work any.

Will you rhyme upon't,

And vent it for a mockery? here is one;

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhymes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.

(b) *Meaning that his woe seem'd as a charm which protect*
him. Warburton.

g or

1 Britain

2 Cap

That g

1 Cap

But non

Post.

Who ha

Had an

2 Cap

A leg o

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As if h

1 Goal.

2 Go

Post.

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2 If

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported ;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him, a dog !
A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here ; he brags his service
As if he were of note ; bring him to th' King. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.

1 Goal. **Y**OU shall not now be stol'n, you've locks
So graze, as you find pasture. [upon you ;

2 Goal. Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty ; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' sure physician, death ; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists ; you good Gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt ;
Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry ?
So children temp'ral fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
I cannot do it better than in gyves
Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; to satisfy,
'I doff' my freedom ; 'tis the main part ; take
No stricter render of me, than my all.

2 If of . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it;
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh *Imogen*!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.— [He sleeps.

* * * *

**** Here follows a Vision, a Masque, and a Prophecy, which interrupt the Fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this Act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for meer show, and apparently not of Shakespear. Pope.

+ + +

Solemn musick: Enter as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more thou thunder-master
 Shew thy spite, on mortal flies:
 With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw?

I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending nature's law.

Whose father, *Jove*? (as men report
 Thou orphans father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From his earth-vexing smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes,
 That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici.

SCENE IV.

Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Lords.*

Cym. **S**Tand by my side, you whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair ;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius*' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,

In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus*' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one :

Sweet *Imogen* !

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O'th' other's villainy ?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius*' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd ;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici.

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh

And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,

Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,

Or we poor ghosts will cry

To th' shining synod of the rest,

Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,

And from thy justice flee.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle ; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more you petty spirits of region low

Offend our hearing ; hush ! how dare you ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.

Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my gift

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid son our Godhead will uplift :

His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent ;

Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married : rise, and fade !

He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein [*Jupiter drops a tablet.*

Our pleasure, his full fortune, doth confine,

And so away, no farther with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine ;

Mount, eagle, to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascend.*

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell ; the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields ; his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

pt before shields of proof,) cannot be found :
e shall be happy that can find him, if

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof : away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Vanish.*]

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and begot
A father to me : and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh scorn !
Gone—they went hence so soon as they were born ;
And so I am awake — Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why :
What fairies haunt this ground ? a book ! oh rare one !
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*]

*When as the lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when from a
cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall
revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall
thumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
plenty.*

is still a dream ; or else such stuff as mad-men
tongue, and brain not : do either both, or nothing ;
senseless speaking, or a speaking such
sense cannot untie. But what it is,
e action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
out for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir ; if you be ready for that, you are
all cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the distl pays the

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you shall
called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are
en the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth ; you come in
at for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry
that

Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing :
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor : 'luck.'

that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much
purse and brain, both empty ; the brain the heavier, for being too
light ; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this con-
tradiction you shall now be quit : oh the charity of a penny cord, it
fums up thousands in a trice ; you have no true debtor, and creditor
but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge ; your neck, Sir,
is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth-ache : but a
man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed,
I think he would change places with his officer : for look you, Sir, you
know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him
pictur'd : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to
know ; or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not
know ; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril ; and how you
shall speed in your journey's-end, I think you'll never return to tell
one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct thee
the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the be-
use of eyes, to seek the way of blindness : I am sure such hanging's the
way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler : no bolts for the dead.

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gib-
bets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my conscience, there are verie
knaves desire to live, for all he be a *Roman* : and there be some of these
too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would
we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O there were desolation
of goalers, and gallowses ; I speak against my present profit, but
with hath a preferment in't.

SCENE IV. &c.

3 looks . . . old edit. *Warb. emend.*

Cym.

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Pis. F
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Cym.

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Cor.

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Cym.

Cor. I
Affected
Married

Cym.

Vol.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[To *Bellarius*, *Guiderius*, and *Arviragus*.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees,
Arise my knights o'th' battel; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's business in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? but I consider,
By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:

And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her sight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring
By inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. 4 'Yet mine eyes'

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

4 Mine eyes

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners,
Posthumus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
the Britons have ras'd out, though with the loss
of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
that their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
of you their captives, which our self have granted.
To think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
we should not, when the blood was cool, have threatned
our pris'ners with the sword. But since the Gods
will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
may be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
a Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.

Augustus lives to think on't. And so much
for my peculiar care. This one thing only
will intreat; my boy, a Briton born,
let him be ransom'd; never master had
a page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
so tender over his occasions, true,
so feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
though he hath serv'd a Roman. Save him, Sir,
and spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
his favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
and art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
to say, Live boy: ne'er thank thy master, live;
and ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
sitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
the noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master: walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen go aside*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said

Another 'doth not more resemble,⁵ 'than
He the sweet rosie lad⁶ who died, and was
⁷ *Fidele*.

Guid. 'Ev'n the same⁸ dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not, forbear
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke't⁹ us.

⁵ not more resembles

⁶ that sweet rosie youth . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

⁷ *Fidele*. What think you?

⁸ The same

Guid.

Bel. Be

Pif.

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Cym. C

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Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress—

[*Aside.*

once she is living, let the time run on,

so good, or bad,

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iachimo.*

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,

For by our greatness and the grace of it

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Innow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that

Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what

Torments me to conceal. By villainy

Got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,

[*theo,*

Whom thou didst banish: and, (which more may grieve

As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd

Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear? 'more?'

Cym. All that

Belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,

For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Unwill to remember—give me leave, I faint— [*Swoons.*

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength;

And rather thou shouldst live while nature will,

Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd

The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh would

Our viands had been poison'd) or at least

O 3

Those

more, my lord?

Those which I heav'd to head :) the good *Posthumus*—
 What should I say ? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were, and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones——sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of *Italy*
 For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak ; for stature, laming
 The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva* ;
 Postures, beyond brief nature ; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities, that man
 Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye——

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 (Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd-of kitching-trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity ; there it begins :
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold ; whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring,
 By 'her' and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
 (And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus* wheel ; and might so safely, had it

1 Feature, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

2 here

en all the worth of's car.) Away to *Britain*
 oft I in this design: well may you, Sir,
 remember me at Court, where I was taught
 by your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
 can in your duller *Britain* operate
 most vilely; for my vantage excellent:
 and to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 that I return'd with simular proof enough
 to make the noble *Leonatus* mad,
 by wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 Oh cunning how I got it!) nay, some marks
 of secret on her person, that he could not
 but think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.

Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
 gregious murtherer, thief, any thing
 that's due to all the villains past, in being,
 to come——oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 some upright justicer! Thou King, send out
 or torturers ingenious; it is I
 that all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
 by being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 that kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
 that caus'd a lesser villain than my self,
 sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 of virtue was she, yea, and she her self.——
 bit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 the dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
 call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 the villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
 my Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
 my Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
 my Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
There lye thy part. *[Striking her, she falls]*

Pis. Oh gentlemen, 'oh, help,
Mine and your mistress——Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*!
You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now——help, help,
Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. Oh, get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*!

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing! I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would seize
The present power of life, but in short time

3 help,

all offices of nature should again
to their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

here was our error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?

[To Post.

think that you are upon a rock, and now

[*Throwing her arms about his neck.*

throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,

you had a motive for't. [To Guiderius and Arviragus.

Cym. My tears that fall

rove holy-water on thee! *Imogen,*

thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was

that we meet here so strangely; but her son

is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten,*

Upon my Lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore

if I discover'd not which way she went

it was my instant death. By accident

I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket, which directed her

To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford:*

Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts

With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate

My

My Lady's honour : What became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence : pry'thee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like ; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell 'the tale of me.'

Cym. I'm sorry for thee ;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law : thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone, [*To the Guard*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By 'tempting' of our wrath ? how of descent
As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good

With this tale of mine. 5 tasting . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

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6 his.

As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must
 For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
 Though haply well for you.

Arr. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good ^{is} yours.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave:
 Thou hadst, great King, a subject, who was call'd
Bellarus.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
 Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man,
 Whom I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
 The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
 And let it be confiscate all, so soon
 As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my knee;
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
 Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
 These two young gentlemen that call me father,
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
 They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,
 And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your father's; I, old *Morgan*,
 Am that *Bellarus* whom you sometime banish'd;
 Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
 To self, and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,
 For such and so they are, these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
 Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
 As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon

Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
 Having receiv'd the punishment before
 For that which I did then. 'Twas Beatings for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heav'ns
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
 The service that you three have done, is more
 Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children —
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while —
 This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger Princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
 Of his Queen-mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
 Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp:
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I?
 A mother to the birth of three? ne'er mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
 That after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now! oh *Imogen*,
 Thou'ast lost by this a Kingdom,

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Imo. No, my Lord:

ye got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
have we thus met? oh, never say hereafter

that I am truest speaker, You called me brother

When I was but your sister: I, you brothers,

Then ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd,
contin'd so, until we thought 't' she' died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment

hath to't circumstantial branches, which

distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the Court? and whither? these

And your three motives to the battel, with

know not how much more, should be demanded,

And all the other by-dependances

from chance to chance: but not the time nor place

Will serve long interrogatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting

Each object with a joy. The counter-change

is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,

And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.

Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Bellarius.*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,

For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,

8 he

9 and whether these? . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
And here your bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The malice tow'ards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, Princes.

(a) — *Post.* Your servant, Princes.

Good my Lord of Rome,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*: as I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. *Philarmenus*!

Cym.

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Cym. 'By peace we will begin: and, *Caius Lucius*, although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*, and to the *Roman Empire*, promising to pay our wonted tribute, from the which we were dissuaded by our wicked Queen, in whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers) hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune the harmony of this peace: the vision which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke of this yet scarce-cold battel, at this instant full accomplish'd. For the *Roman eagle*, from south to west on wing soaring aloft, less'n'd her self, and in the beams o'th' sun

So

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after reviv'd, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall *Posthumus* end his miseries, *Britain* be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Now, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp; the fit and apt construction of thy name being *Leonatus*, doth import so much: the piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer* we term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine this most constant wife, who even now answering the letter of the oracle, unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about with this most tender air.

[To Cymbeline.]

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*, resonates thee; and thy lopt branches point thy two sons forth: who by *Bellarinus* stol'n, for many years thought dead, are now reviv'd, to the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue promises *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. By peace we will begin: &c.

1 my

So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!

And let the crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : let
A *Roman* and a *British* ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through *Lud*'s town march.
And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
Set on there : Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes*]



ROME



R O M E O

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Vol. VI.

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PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes,
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Those mis-adventur'd piteous overthrows,
Do, with their death, bury their parents strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our stage.
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

Mountague, } *Two Lords of ancient Families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Mountague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and friend to Romeo.*

Tybalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*

Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Mountague.*

Apothecary.

Peter, *Servant to the Nurse.*

Lady Mountague, *Wife to Mountague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona, several men and women relations to Capulet, Musicians, Maskers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, in and near Verona.

POPE

The Plot taken from an Italian Novel of Bandello.

POPE

ROME



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ROMEO and JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers,
two Servants of the Capulets.*

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.
Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of *Mountague* moves
me.

Greg. To move, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to
stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I
will take the wall of any man or maid of *Mountague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave, for the weakest
goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest
vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Mountague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to
the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their
men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew my self a tyrant: where I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish: if thou hadst, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of the *Mountagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How? turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir, but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Greg. S
kinsmen.

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Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better : here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy washing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Have at thee, coward. *[Fight.]*

Enter three or four Citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues*!

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a sword?

Cap. A sword, I say: old *Mountague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Mountague and Lady Mountague.

Moun. Thou villain, *Capulet*—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Moun. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel —

Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Mountague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made *Verona's* ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,
 To wield old partizans in hands as old.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the rest depart away,
 You, *Capulet*, shall go along with me;
 And, *Mountague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

S C E N E II.

La. Moun. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: In the instant came
 The fiery *Tybalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds.
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came.

La. Moun. O, where is *Romeo*? saw you him to-day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peep'd through the golden window of the East,

A

A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad;
Where underneath the grove of sycamour,
That westward rooteth from this city side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood.

Measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,

Pursued my humour, not pursuing 'him ;

And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Moun. Many a morning hath he there been seen

With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew ;

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Should, in the farthest East, begin to draw

The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed ;

Away from light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself ;

Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,

And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Moun. Both by my self and many other friends ;

But he, his own affection's counsellor,

As to himself, I will not say how true,

But to himself so secret and so close,

So far from sounding and discovery ;

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the 'sun.

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes : so please you step aside,

I'll

his . . . old edit. Thirl. emend. 2 same . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

234 *ROMEO and JULIET.*

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exeunt*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should without eyes see path-ways to his 'ill!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

Oh any thing of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking-sleep, that is not what it is!

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate to have them prest

With more of thine; this love that thou hast shewn

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,

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Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet:
Farewel, my cozen.

[Going.]

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—
O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man;—and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But in that hit you miss;—she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit:

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That when she dies, with ⁴her dies beauty's store.¹

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

For beauty starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; ⁵'too wisely fair,'²

To merit bliss by making me despair;

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben.

⁴ beauty dies her store . . . old. edit. Theob. emend.

⁵ wisely too fair,

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquisite) in question more:
Those happy masks that kiss fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.
Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but *'her*.
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice

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yes my consent, and fair according voice:
 This night, I hold an old accusom'd feast,
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,
 Such as I love, and you among the store
 One more, 'o'th' welcome makes my number more.
 At my poor house, look to behold this night
 Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
 When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female-buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
 Which on more view of many, mine being one
 May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
 Come go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about
 Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out
 Whose names are written there, and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here? It
 is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard,
 and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,
 and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those
 persons whose names are here writ, and can never find
 what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to
 the learned.—In good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
 Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,
 One desperate grief cure with another's languish:
 Take thou some new infection to the eye,
 And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom.

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and ——— Good-e'en, good fel-
low.

[To the Servant]

Ser. God gi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I
pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count An-
selm and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widow of Vitru-
vio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely neices; Mercutio,
and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and
daughters; my fair neice Rosaline, Livia, Signior Valentio,
and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

^s Rom. Whither?

Ser. To supper to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have ask'd you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of
Mountagues, I pray come and ⁹'crash' a cup of wine.
Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulet's*,
Supps the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so lov'st;

⁸ Rom. Whither? to supper?

Serv. To our house . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁹ crush

With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.

hither and with unattainted eye,

compare her face with some that I shall show,

and I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires ;

and 'those' who often drown'd could never die,

Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars !

One fairer than my love ! th' all-seeing sun

Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,

Her self pois'd with her self in either eye :

Put in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd

Your 'Lady-love' against some other maid

That I will shew you, shining at this feast,

And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,

But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. **N**urse, where's my daughter? call her forth
to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, (at twelve years
old) I bad her come ; what, lamb ! what, lady-bird !
God forbid — where's this girl ? what, *Juliet* !

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls ?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will ?

La. Cap. This is the matter — Nurse, give leave a
while,

1 these 2 Lady's love old edit. *Theob. emend.*

while, we must talk in secret; nurse, come back again, have remembred me, thou shalt hear my counsel: thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to me fourteen be it spoken, I have but four,) she's not fourteen: how long is it now to *Lammas-tide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and *she* (God rest all Christian souls) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said on *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my Lord and you were there at *Mantua* — nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house — 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by the rood, she could have run, and wadled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband (God be with his soul, a'was a merry man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Julé*? and by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying and said, *ay*; To see now how a jest should come about. I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, *ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, *ay*; and yet I warrant

upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's
ne: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea,
both my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall
backward when thou comest to age; wilt thou not, *Julé?*
fainted, and said, *ay*.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace,
thou was the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed.

I might live to see thee married once,
have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
how stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat. [you

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than
ere in *Verona*, Ladies of esteem,

are made already mothers. By my count,
was your mother much upon these years

that you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
the valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young Lady, Lady, such a man
as all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young Lady ask'd for, the nurse curst in
the pantry, and every thing in extremity; I must hence to
it, I beseech you follow. [Exeunt.

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Q

SCENE

(a) — I beseech you follow.

Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

S C E N E V.

A Street before Capulet's House.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six others, Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Drummer.

Rom. **W**Hat, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper.
Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
After the prompter, ^{3/4}foreⁿ our enterance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. Give me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

(a) — and look on,
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;

3 for

dreamt

Mer.

Rom.

Mer.

Rom.

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Mer.

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Up to the

Rom.

Mer.

We burn

Take our

Five time

Rom.

But 'tis n

Mer.

Rom.

4 Fair

dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. ——— In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see Queen *Mab* hath been with you.

She is the 'fancy's' mid-wife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm,

Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joyner squirrel or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:

And in this state she gallops night by night,

Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:

O'er courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies strait:

O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees:

Q 2

O'er

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;

Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up to the ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, we delay.

We burn our lights by night, like lamps by day. [*Ed. 1*]

Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits

Five times a day, ere once in her right wits. [*Ed. 1.*]

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;

But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why? may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream, &c.

4 Fairies . . . old edit. *W'arb. emend.*

O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,
 Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tith-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson as he lyes asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
 That presseth them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 'This, this is she ———'

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind, who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from our selves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
 Some consequence, still hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

5 This is she ———

With this
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 ut he tha
 Direct my
 Ben. S

Ser. V

2 Ser.

mens han

1 Ser.

cup-boar

of march

in Susan

pan!

2 Ser.

1 Ser.

fought f

2 Ser.

be brisk

E

1 Ca

yo

Unplag

Ah me

Will n

6 We

With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my suit! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the stage, and Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants with napkins.

Ser. **W**Here's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away?
He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Ser. When good manners shall lye all in one or two
mens hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Ser. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-
cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, fave me a piece
of march-pane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let
in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*. — *Anthony*, and *Pot-
pan*!

2 Ser. Ay, boy, ready.

1 Ser. You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and
sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Ser. We cannot be here and there too; cheerly, boys;
be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter all the Guests and Ladies with the maskers.

1 Cap. 'Gentlemen, welcome. Ladies that have
your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty

Q 3

111

6 Welcome, Gentlemen.

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I'll swear hath corns ; am I come near ye now ?
 Welcome all, gentlemen ; I've seen the day
 That I have worn a visor, and could tell
 A whispering tale in a fair Lady's ear,
 Such as would please : 'tis gone ; 'tis gone ; 'tis gone !

[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up ;
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
 Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.
 Nay fit, nay fit, good cousin Capulet,
 For you and I are past our dancing days :
 How long is't now since last your self and I
 Were in a mask ?

2 Cap. By'r Lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much ;
 'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
 Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
 Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more ; his son is elder, Sir :
 His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What Lady's that which doth enrich the hand
 Of yonder Knight ?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear :
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder Lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
 Did my heart love 'till now ? forswear it, fight ;
 I never saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
 Fetch me my rapier, boy : what ! dares the slave
 Come hither cover'd with an antick face,

To

o flee and scorn at our solemnity ?
ow by the stock and honour of my kin,
o strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so ?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Mountague*, our foe :

villain that is hither come in spight,

o scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't ?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

he bears him like a portly gentleman :

and to say truth, *Verona* brags of him ;

o be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

would not for the wealth of all this town

here in my house do him disparagement.

Therefore be patient, take no note of him ;

it is my will, the which if thou respect,

show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance of a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.

I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd. *

Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)

I'll make you quiet——What? cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Q 4

Rom.

(a) ——He shall be endur'd.

What, goodman-boy——I say he shall. Go to——

Am I the master here, or you? go to——

You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul,

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy——is't so indeed?

This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.

Be quiet, &c.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand [To Juliet]
This holy shrine, the gentle ⁷ 'fine' ⁸ 'be' this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kifs.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers kifs.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear faint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray ; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair. ^a

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother? [To her Nurse]

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk withal :
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

O dear account ! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so ? why then, I thank you all.

I thank you, honest gentlemen, good night :

More torches here——come on, then let's to bed,

Ah,

(a) — turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take :
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ! O trespass sweetly urg'd :
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, &c.

h, firrah, by my fay it waxes late.

ll to my rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That as I think is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,

my grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,

the only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now

Of one I danc'd withal.

[*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon——

Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now old desire doth on his death-bed lye,

And young affection gapes to be his heir:

That fair for which love groan'd fore and would die,

With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.

Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:

That to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new beloved any where:

That passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet.

[*Exit.*]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Romeo alone.

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back dull earth, and find thy center out. [Exit]

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise,

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh,

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ab me!* couple but love and dove,

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir,

(Young Abraham^a Cupid, he that shot so true,

When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid——)

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he ^a 'moves' not,

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demeaſns that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

(a) This, probably, was a name stupidly given to Cupid in the ballad here referr'd to of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

ROMEO and JULIET. 251

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

to raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,

of some strange nature, letting it there stand

ill she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

that were some spight. My invocation is

honest and fair, and in his mistress' name

conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,

to be consort'd with the hum'rous night:

and is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

How will he sit under a medlar-tree,

and wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone——

Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed,

this field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain

to seek him here that means not to be found. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

HE jests at scars that never felt a wound——

But, soft! what light thro' yonder window

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! [breaks?

[Juliet appears above at a window.

rise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

who is already sick and pale with grief

that thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.

Not her maid since she is envious:

her vestal livery is but sick and green,

and none but fools do wear it; cast it off——

He speaks, yet she says nothing? what of that?

Her

Her eye discourfes, I will answer it —
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks :
 Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
 Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
 As day-light doth a lamp ; her eyes in heav'n
 Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
 That birds would ſing, and think it were not night :
 See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She ſpeaks.

Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel, for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
 Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, — wherefore art thou *Romeo* ?
 Deny thy father, and reſuſe thy name :
 Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide*]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
 'Thou'rt not thy ſelf ſo, though a *Mountague*.
 What's *Mountague*? it is not hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face — nor any other part.
 What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
 By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
 So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title ; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all my ſelf.

1 Thou art thy ſelf, though not a *Mountague*.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 All me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
 Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
 Dost stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to my self,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague* ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 How any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
 For stony limits cannot hold love out,
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lyes more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
 And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire ;
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke — but farewell compliment :
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
 And I will take thy word — yet if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
 They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.
 In truth, fair *Mountague*, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
 Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the God of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love —

Jul. Well, do not swear — although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say, *It lightens* — sweet, good night!
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath

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May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:

And yet I would it were to give again. [love?

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu.

[Nurse calls within.

Anon, good nurse——Sweet Mountague, be true:

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid

Being in night all this is but a dream,

Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed:

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

[Within: Madam.

I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee——[Within: Madam.] By and by I come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul!

Jul. A thousand times good night!

[Exit.

Rom.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light:
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! *Romeo*, hift! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tassel-gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo*!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say, *Good night*, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

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Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. **T**HE grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,

check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
and darkness flecker'd like a drunkard reels
from forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,

must fill up this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,

What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

and from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find:

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

but to't the earth some special good doth give:

Nor ought so good but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from's true birth stumbling on abuse.

Virtue it self turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice sometime by action's dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For this, being smelt, with that sense chears each part;

being tasted, flays all senses with the heart.

Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full-soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo:

Rom. Good-morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet salutes mine ear?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good-morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no.

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I tell thee ere thou ask it me again,

I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lyes;
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here!

Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesus Maria! what a deal of brine

Wash'd thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste?

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.

E'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now

With grace for grace, and love for love allow:

The other did not so.

Fri. Oh, she knew well

Her love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

One respect I'll thy assistant be:

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The Street.**Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

Mer. **W**Here the devil should this *Romeo* be? came not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, the *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tybalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blunt bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats!—Oh, he's courageous captain of compliments; he fights as if sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affected pretences, these new tuners of accents:—Jesu! a

(a) *Tybalt* was the name given to a Cat of whom some famous were related in old ballads: as *Grimalkin* was another.

good blade! — a very tall man! — a very good
 shore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-
 re, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange
 lies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*, who
 stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease
 on the old bench, O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh;
 flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers
 that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his Lady was but a
 kitchen-wench; (marry she had a better love to berhyme
 her) *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gypsie, *Helen* and *Hero*
 childings and harlots; *Thisbe* a grey eye or so; but now
 to the purpose; Signior Romeo, *bonjour!* there's a French
 salutation to your French slop.

Rom.

(a) — to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last
 night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case
 as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a
 man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd?

Mer. Sure wit — follow me this jest, now, 'till thou hast worn
 out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may
 remain after the wearing, solely-singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,

Solely-singular, for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit fain'ts.

Rom. Switch and spurs,

Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

3 not

R 3

Mer

Rom. Good-morrow to you both!

Enter Nurse and her Man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear: a fail! a fail!

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, *Peter*.

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said: for himself to mar, quotha?

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting, It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O here's a wit of chevril, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love?

Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

motha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you: but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,

desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:

farewel, lady, lady, lady. [Exeunt Mercutio, Benvolio]

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his roguery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure. [To her Man.]

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you.

R 4

I

(a) ——— So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in Lent.

But a hair that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come, &c.

I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers ——— Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what she bid me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee ———

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon,

And there she shall at friar Lawrence's cell.
Be shriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now, God in heav'n bless thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What sayest thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse.

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Nurse.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing — O, there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay his wife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, as every toad, as see him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not *rosemary* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse, what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. 'R' is not for thee, I know it begins with some other letter; and he hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and *rosemary*, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady. —

[Exit *Romeo*.]

Nurse. A thousand times. *Peter!*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him — That's not so —

Oh, she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

OF

4 R. is for thee? No; I know it begins with another letter.

Of this day's journey, and from nine 'till twelve
 'Are' three long hours, 'yet' she is not come;
 Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball,
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me;

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes. What news?
 Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[Exit Peter.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse —

O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had!

*Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
 Nay come, I pray thee speak — Good nurse, speak.*

Nurse. Give me some Aqua vite.

*Jul. Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?*

*Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
 know not how to chuse a man: Romeo! no, not he;
 though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs ex-
 cel all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a body, tho'
 they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare.
 He is not the flower of courtesie, but I warrant him as
 gentle as a lamb — Go thy ways, wench, serve God —
 What, have you dined at home?*

*Jul. No, no — but all this did I know before:
 What says he of our marriage? what of that?*

*Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I!
 It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.*

*My back a t'other side — O my back, my back:
 Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
 To catch my death with jaunting up and down.*

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art so ill.

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Jul. W
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sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
and I warrant a virtuous — where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why, she is within;
where should she be? how oddly thou reply'st!

My love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother? —

Nurse. O, God's Lady dear,
are you so hot? marry come up, I trow,
this the poulter of my aching bones?

Hence-forward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence's cell,
there stays a husband to make you a wife.

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
they'll be in scarlet? — straitway at my news.

Hie you to church, I must another way,
to fetch a ladder, by the which your love
must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
but you shall bear the burthen soon at night.

So, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell!

[Exit Nurse.]

S C E N E VI.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. SO smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom.

7 strait at any news.

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamour
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make sho
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
'Till holy church incorp'rate two in one,

[*wo*

[*Exe*

A C



ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire.

The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,

And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;

For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and by the operation of a second cup, draws it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy* ; and as soon mov'd to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his beard than thou hast : thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes ; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel ? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling : thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun.

Didst

Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consort'st with *Romeo*——

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But, I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry go first to field, he'll be your follower,
Your Worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bate thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
'Ha! *la flocata* carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, ^a / ⁹ come, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, ^a nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you
shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be
cut.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado.

[Mercutio and Tybalt fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ——— beat down their wea-
pons ———

Gentlemen ——— for shame forbear this outrage ———

Tybalt — Mercutio ——— the Prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt ——— good Mercutio. [Exit Tybalt:]

Mer. I am hurt ———
A plague of both the houses! I am sped:
He's gone, and hath nothing?

Ben.

(a) See the note p. 260.
& *Alla fucata* . . . old edit. Theob. emend. 9 will you walk?

Ben. What art thou hurt? I love the love I have.

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights with the book of arithmetic? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*,
Or I shall faint; a plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and soundly too;—your houses.

[*Exe. Mer. Ben.*]
S C E N E II.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softened valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?

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VOL.

way to heav'n respective lenity,
 and fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
 that late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
 is but a little way above our heads,
 staying for thine to keep him company:
 either thou or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
 shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that:
 [They fight, Tybalt falls.]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
 the citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain ———
 and not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
 if thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit *Romeo*.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tybalt that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
 charge thee in the Prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, Mountague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all

the unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lyes the man, slain by young *Romeo*,

that slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt* my cousin! O my brother's child!

Unhappy fight! alas, the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman ——— Prince, as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of *Mountague*.

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S

Prin.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* here slain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did slay:
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
 Your high displeasure: all this uttered
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
 Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio*'s breast;
 Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
 Retorts it: *Romeo*, he cries aloud,
 Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue
 His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*; and then *Tybalt* fled,
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
 And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
 This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, Prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mount. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence:

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have an interest in your 'heats' proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding,
 but I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,
 Therefore use none; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. **G**Allop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 To *Phæbus'* mansion; such a waggoner
 As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
 That 'th' run-away's' eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
 Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
 Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
 By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,
 Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
 With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
 Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
 Come, night, come, *Romeo*! come, thou day in night!
 For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back:

S 2

Come,

1 hearts

2 runaway's . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

Come, gentle night! come, loving, black-brow'd night
 Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall die
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,
 And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
 That all the world will be in love with night,
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
 As is the night before some festival,
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
 But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
 Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there? the cords
 That *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [hands

Jul. Ah me, what news? why dost thou wring th

Nurse. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, Lady, we are undone.—

Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*

Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but I,

And that bare vowel I, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God save the mark, here on his manly breast.

A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,

All in gore blood; I swooned at the sight. [once

Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break

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To prison, eyes! ne'r look on liberty;
 Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
 And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:
 O courteous *Tybalt*, honest gentleman,
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
 Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer Lord?
 Then let the trumpet sound the general doom,
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalt*'s blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face,
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
 Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

'Dove-feather'd raven,' wolfish-rav'ning lamb!
 O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
 When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
 Was ever book containing such vile matter
 So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
 In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
 All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua vite* —
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old:
 Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame,
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O what a beast was I to chide him so?

S 3

Nurse.

3 Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three-hours-wife have mangled it!

But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,

And *Tybalt's* dead that would have kill'd my husband;

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was worser than *Tybalt's* death,

That murther'd me; I would forget it fain,

But, oh! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished!

That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt's* death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or if sow'r woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,

Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt's* dead,

Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both*?

But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt's* death,

Romeo is banished——to speak that word,

Is father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead:——*Romeo is banished!*

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt's* corpse.

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be
spent,

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark

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Mark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night ;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R** O M E O, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts, [man ;
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the Prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sow'r company.
Bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the Prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Than death it self. Do not say banishment.

Fri. 4 'Hence' from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,
But purgatory, 5 'torturing hell it self.'
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world ;
And world-exil'd, is death. 6 'Then banishment'
Is death mis-term'd : calling death banishment
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince

S 4

Taking

4 Here

5 torture, hell it self.

6 That banished

Taking thy part hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is meer mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

'O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?
O Friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a town, reverse a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O then I see that mad-men have no ears. [eyes?]

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,

7 Had'st thou no poison mixt, nor sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, tho' ne'er so mean
But banished to kill me? banished.

an hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
 dying like me, and like me banished;
 when might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 and fall upon the ground as I do now,
 making the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy self.

[*Knock within.*]

thou wilt be taken—stay a while—stand up; [*Knock.*]

run to my study—By and by—God's will!

What wilfulness is this—I come, I come. [*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know
 my errand:

come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
 Where is my Lady's Lord? where's *Romeo*? [drunk.]

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress' case,

st in her case, O woful sympathy!

teous predicament! even so lyes she,

ubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.

and up, stand up; stand an you be a man:

or *Juliet*'s sake, for her sake rise and stand:

Why should you fall into so deep 'an—'

Rom. 'Oh Nurse!

Nurse. Ah Sir, ah Sir! Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?

oth not she think me an old murtherer,

ow I have stain'd the child-hood of our joy

ith blood remov'd but little from her own?

There is she? and how does she? and what says

ly conceal'd Lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
 And

an oh!

9 Nurse! ———

And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murder her, as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her:
But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze our marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.

o before, nurse; commend me to thy Lady,
and bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all night long,
to hear good counsel; oh, what learning is!
My Lord, I'll tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir;
Give you, make haste, for 'it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
and he shall signifie from time to time
very good hap to you that chances here:

Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night!

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
were a grief, so brief to part with thee; [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, Sir, so unluckily, [ter:
That we have had no time to move our daughter—
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearly,
and so did I——Well, we were born to die——
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Good-morrow, good-night, commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a 'separate' tender
of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
in all respects by me, 'nay, I not doubt it.
What soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my Lord.

Cap.

1 desperate . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

2 nay more, I doubt it not.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,
On *Thursday* let it be: you shall be marry'd.
We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two—
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My Lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thursday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [To Lady Capulet]
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my Lord—light to my chamber, ho!
Good-night. [Exeunt]

S C E N E VII.

The Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder
ropes set.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

ROMEO and JULIET. 285

Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die ;
thou wilt have it so, I am content.

Will say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow ;
Will say it is the Nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the Lark, the messenger of morn.

Come death, and welcome : *Juliet* wills it so.

What says my love ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away :

'Tis the lark that sings so out of tune,
Training harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division ;

This doth not so : for she divideth us.

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,

Now ³ 'I wot they have chang'd voices too.

Now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. Farewel, my love : one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your Lady mother's coming to your chamber :

The day is broke, be wary, look about.

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! Lord ! ah husband ! friend !

Must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel : I will omit no opportunity,

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul.

(a) Alluding to the notion of the vulgar because the lark with a sweet
the bath little ugly eyes, and the toad large and fine eyes but a dismal
waking voice.

Warburton.

3 I would they had . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit*]

S C E N E VIII.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. OH fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause ⁴ 'provokes' her hither?

La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss. [*death*]

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for him
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, Madam?

La. Cap. 'That villain,' *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder. [*Aside*]

La. Cap. Content thee, girl. If I could find a man,
I soon would send to *Mantua* where he is,
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he should soon keep *Tybalt* company.

⁴ procures

⁵ That same villain,

Jul. For while
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⁶ body

Jul. Find you the means, and I'll find such a man;
For while he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light
Till I behold him — dead — is my poor heart,
Thus for a kinsman vext.

La. Cap. Well, let that pass.
Come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sort'd out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by *St. Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my Lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do,
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. These are news indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your self,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body
Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy

6 body is

Thy tempest-tossed body — How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree? [thanks]

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but she will none, she gives you
I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife
How will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next,
To go with *Paris* to *St. Peter's* church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what! are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o'*Thursday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me,
My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest,
That God had sent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my Lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason — O, god-ye-good-den —
May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap.

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VOL.

7 Alack,

La. Cap. You are too hot. [early,

Cap. God's bread, it makes me mad: day, night, late,
at home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been

to have her match'd; and having now provided

a gentleman of noble parentage,

of fair demerits, youthful, and nobly allied,

stuffed as they say with honourable parts,

proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man:

and then to have a wretched pining fool,

a whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

to answer, *I'll not wed, ——— I cannot love, ———*

I am too young, ——— I pray you, pardon me ———

but, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Swear where you will, you shall not house with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise;

If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:

If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

For what is mine shall ever do thee good:

Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O sweet my mother, cast me not away,

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?

Alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as my self!

Nurse. Faith, here it is:

Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:

Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

VOL. VI. T Then

7 Alack, alack,

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the Count.

'Oh, 'faith, he is' a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dish-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,

Hath not so 'keen, 'so quick, 'so fair an eye

As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you happy in this second match,

For it excels your first; or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As living 'hence, 'and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my 'soul,

Or else beshrew them both!

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. 'To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much

Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,

So many thousand times? go, counsellor,

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy.

If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exit]

3 Oh, he's 9 green, 1 here, 2 soul too, 3 What



A C



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,

And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the Lady's mind:

Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybal's* death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love,

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous

That she should give her sorrow so much sway;

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,

To stop the inundation of her tears;

Which, too much minded by her self alone,

May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the Lady tow'rd's my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next:

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

T 2

Jul.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My Lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!

Juliet, farewell, and keep this holy kiss! [*Exit Paris*]

Jul. Go shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know your grief;
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wise,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore out of thy long experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel, or behold

'Twixt my extreame and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy years and art

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Could to no issue of true honour bring:

'Speak now, be brief; for I desire to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desp'rate which we would prevent.

If rather than to marry County *Paris*

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy self,

Then it is likely thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That copes with death himself, to 'scape from it:

And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,

From off the battlements of yonder tower;

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top

Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplefs skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave,

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;

Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, *Juliet*: hye thee home, get thee to bed:

Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber:)

And when thou art alone, take thou this vial,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off;

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsie humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat,

No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes; the eyes windows fall

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

T 3

Thou

4 Be not so long to speak; I long to dye,

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead;
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
 Thou shalt be born to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
 Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
 And hither shall he come; and he and I
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
 If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell not me of fear.

[*Taking the vial*]

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
 To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

[*afford*]

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help
 Farewel, dear father——

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's House.

*Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three
 Servants.*

Cap. SO many guests invite as here are writ;
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

W

(a) — twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their
 fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers;
 therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
 We shall be much &c.

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We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time :

What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence* ?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from her confession.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoyn'd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon : pardon I beseech you !

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence*'s cell,

And gave him what becoming love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, stand up;

This is as't should be; let me see the County :

Ay marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.

Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her; we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse*.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :

Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,

I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone :

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!
 They are all forth; well, I will walk my self
 To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
 Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Lady Capulet*]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. **A**Y, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
 I pray thee leave me to my self to-night:
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
 Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busie, do you need my help?

Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
 So please you, let me now be left alone,
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
 For I am sure you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night,
 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [*Exeunt*]

Jul. Farewel—God knows, when we shall meet again
 I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
 That almost freezes up the heat of life.
 I'll call them back again to comfort me.
 Nurse!—what should she do here?
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
 Come, vial.

—What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall

5 Or

shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there——

[Pointing to a dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
subtly hath ministred, to have me dead,
lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
because he married me before to *Romeo*?

Fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
for he hath still been tried a holy man.——

How, if when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*

comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in?

Or if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lyes fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort——)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early wakening, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals hearing them run mad——

Oh! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,

And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shroud?

And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out *Romeo*———Stay, *Tybalt*, stay!

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. **H**old, take these keys and fetch more spice
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crow'd
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock :
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cotquean, go ;
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit : what ! I have watch'd ere now
All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time
But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood——
Now, fellow, what's there ?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what

Cap. Make haste, make haste, firrah, fetch drier logs
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Mass and well said, a merry whoreson, ha !
Thou shalt be logger-head——good faith, 'tis day.
The County will be here with musick straight,

For so he said he would. I hear him near. *[Play Music]*
Nurse!——wife!——what, ho ! what, nurse, I say ?

Enter

Enter Nurse.

waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste,
make haste, I say. [*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse severally.*]

S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Juliet on a bed, Enter Nurse.

Nurse. **M**istress! what, mistress! *Juliet*—Fast, I warrant her;

Why, lamb—why, Lady——Fie, you slug-a-bed——

Why, love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why, bride——

What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;

sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,

that you shall rest but little—God forgive me——

harry and amen—How sound is she asleep!

must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam!

ay, let the County take you in your bed——

He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?

What, drest, and in your cloaths,—and down again?

must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——

Alas! alas! help! help! my Lady's dead.

O well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my Lord, my Lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look,——oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:

Help, help! call help.

Enter

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, decaft, she's dead! alack the day

Cap. Ha! let me fee her—Out alas, she's cold,
Her blood is fettled, and her joints are ftiff,
Life and thefe lips have long been separated:
Death lyes on her, like an untimely froft
Upon the sweeteft flower of the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O fon, the night before the wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife: fee, there she lyes,
Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my fon-in-law.——

Par. Have I thought long to fee this morning's face,
And doth it give me fuch a fight as this?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er faw
In lafting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and folace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my fight.

Nurse. Oh woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was feen fo black a day as this:
O woful day! oh woful day!

Fri. Oh peace for shame—your daughter lives in peace
And happinefs, and it is vain to wifh
It otherwife. Heav'n and your felf had part
In this fair maid, how heaven⁶ hath her all—
Come ftick your rofemary on this fair corpf, e,
And, as the custom of our country is,

⁶ hath all,

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Convey her
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Our wedding
Our folemn
And bridal

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2 *Mus.*
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7 grief

in all her best and sumptuous ornaments

Convey her where her ancestors lye tomb'd;

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change;

And bridal flow'rs serve for a buried coarſe.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Manent Musicians and Nurse.

Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows: ah, put up, put up,
for well you know this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease, heart's ease:*
oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. Oh musicians, because my heart it self plays *my*
heart is full of woe. O play me some merry dump, to
comfort me!

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith; I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you,
do you note me?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note *us*. [*wit.*]

2 Mus. Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your

Pet. Then have at you with my wit, answer me like men:

When griping 'grief the heart doth wound,

Then musick with her silver sound—

Why

Why *silver sound*? why *musick with her silver sound*?
What say you, *Simon Catling*?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, *Hugh Rebeck*? [Silv]

2 Mus. I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound

Pet. Pretty too! what say you, *Samuel Sound-board*?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the *singer*, I will
for you. It is *musick with her silver sound*, because fu
fellows as you have no gold for founding. [Exe]

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, *Jack*! come, we'll in here, tar
for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exe]



A C T V. S C E N E I.

M A N T U A.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love it self possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from *Verona*. — How now, *Balthasar*?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?

Ho

How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:

Pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal. No, good my Lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit Bal.*]
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to-night;
Let's see for means ——— O mischief! thou art swift

To enter in the thought of desperate men.

I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
Tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Telling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes, and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes;

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses

Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.

Noting this penury, to my self I said,

As if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,

Here

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
 Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
 And this same needy man must sell it me.
 As I remember, this should be the house.
 Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.
 What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man, I see that thou art poor;
 Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
 A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
 As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
 Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
 Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
 Contempt and beggary hang on thy back:
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
 The world affords no law to make thee rich,
 Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
 And drink it off, and if you had the strength
 Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens souls,
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
 I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
 Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
 Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
 To *Juliet's* grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt*]
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S C E N E II.

The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. **H**OLY Franciscan Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar John. —
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?

Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick;

And finding him, the searchers of the town

suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,

So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again;

For get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice,^a but full of charge,

Of dear import, and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight

Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and^b bring it. *[Exit.]*

Law. Now must I to the monument alone:

Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;

She will beshrew me much, that Romeo

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U

Hath

(a) By nice here is meant thin, slight, of little substance.

^b bring it thee.

Hath had no notice of these accidents :
 But I will write again to *Mantua*,
 And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
 Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [E]

S C E N E III.

A Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to Capulets.

Enter Paris and his Page, with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
 Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
 Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground;
 So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
 But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
 Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
 Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [E]

Par. Sweet flow'r! with flowers thy bridal bed I strew
 [Strewing flowers]

Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
 Accept this latest favour at my hand,
 That living honour'd thee, and being dead
 With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb. [The Boy whistles]
 — The boy gives warning, something doth approach,
 What curst foot wanders this way to-night,
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
 What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

S C E N E

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S C E N E IV.

Enter Romeo and Balthasar with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
see thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
and do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,
partly to behold my Lady's face:
but chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

a precious ring, a ring that I must use
in dear employment; therefore hence, be gone:

but if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
in what I further shall intend to do,
by heaven, I will rear thee joint by joint,

and strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
the time and my intents are savage, wild,
more fierce and more inexorable far

than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that,
live and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow!

Bal. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout;
his looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Balthasar retires.]

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
forg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the monument.]

and in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Mountague
that murder'd my love's cousin; (with which grief
it is supposed the fair creature dy'd,)

and here is come to do some villainous shame

U 2

To

9 Peter . . . old edit. Theob. amend.

1 detestable maw,

To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Mountague* :
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee ;
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man,
 Fly hence and leave me : think upon those gone,
 Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
 Pull not another sin upon my head,
 By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
 By heav'n, I love thee better than my self ;
 For I come hither arm'd against my self.

Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. [*Without.*] O Lord, they fight! I will go call.

Par. Oh I am slain ; if thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [*Exit Page.*]

Rom. In faith, I will : let me peruse this face—
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County *Paris*!

What said my man, when my betossed soul
 Did not attend him as we rode? I think
 He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*.
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
 To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour Misfortune's book,
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.

For here lyes *Juliet*—Oh, my love, my wife!
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :

Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh what more favour can I do to thee,

Th

han with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 o sunder his that was thy enemy?
 forgive me, cousin.—Ah dear *Juliet*,
 Thy art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 that unsubstantial death is amorous,
 and that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
 or fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 and never from this palace of dim night
 depart again: here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 from this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 a dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct! come, unfavoury guide!
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 the dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
 here's to my love! oh true apothecary! [*Drinks the poison.*
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow and spade.

Fri. St. *Francis* be my speed, how oft to-night
 have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Blifs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light

to grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 burneth in the *Capulets* monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy Sir,
 and there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. *Romeo*.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. *Romeo?*
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and goary swords
To lye discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who else? what, *Paris* too?
And steep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. [*Awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where's my Lord
I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy bosom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too——Come, I'll dispose of thee,
Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming. [*Exit*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away:
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison I see hath been his timeless end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them;
Thy lips are warm.

Watch.

Jul. Ye

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Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy; which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger! [*Finding a Dagger.*
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die. [*Kills herself.*

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. ²'Search the church-yard, about;

to some of you, whome'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*

terrible fight! here lies the County slain,

and *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.

to tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,

raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search——

Enter some of the Watch with Balthasar.

² *Watch.* Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the church-yard.

¹ *Watch.* Hold him in safety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Friar and a third Watchman.

³ *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this church-yard side.

¹ *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the Friar too.

S C E N E V.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry *Romeo*,

Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*; and all run

U 4

With

² Search about the church-yard;

312 — ROMEO and JULIET.

With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murthe

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter bleeds
This dagger hath mista'en, for lo the sheath
Lyes empty on the back of *Mountague*,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Mountague.

Prince. Come, *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

Moun. Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Moun. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Do make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

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ROMEO and JULIET. 313

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this:

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doom's day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Petroth'd, and would have married her perforce

To County Paris. Then comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill her self.

Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)

A sleeping potion, which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death. Mean time I write to Romeo,

That he should hither come, as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrowed grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, Friar John,

Was staid by accident, and yesternight

Return'd my letter back; then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her awaking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo.

But when I came (some 4' minutes' ere the time

Of her awaking) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo dead.

She wakes, and I intreat her to come forth,

And bear this work of heav'n with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,

And she too desp'rate would not go with me,

But,

But, as it seems, did violence on her self.

All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy : but if ought in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his Lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet!* *Mountague!*
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,

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That

That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lye;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



HAMLET,

That while I move by that name is known,
 That shall no figure as that can be set,
 As that of me and faithful Juliet.
 As a rich shall Romeo by his lady live;
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
 Parted. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings;
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head;
 In hopes to have more talk of these sad things;
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
 There was a story of more woe,
 That this of Juliet and her Romeo.



H

PRI

DENMARK IS THE SCENE

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

Polonius, Prime of Denmark.



Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.

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HAMLET,

PRINCE of DENMARK.

THE SCENE IS LAYED IN DENMARK.



DRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*

Fontinbras, *Prince of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Voltimand,

Cornelius,

Rosincrosse,

Guildenstern,

Osrick, *a Fool.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo,

Francisco,

Reynoldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, below'd by Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE EL SIN OOR.

This Story is taken from the Danish History written by Saxo Grammaticus. Theobald.

HAM.



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HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

BERNARDO.

H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold
your self.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.

If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

The rivals^a of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter

(a) By rivals of my watch are meant those who were to watch upon the next adjoining ground. Rivals in the original sense of the word were proprietors of neighbouring lands parted only by a brook belonging equally to both.

320 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. Oh farewell, honest soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good-night.

[*Exit Francisco*]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say, what, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasmie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story.

Mar. What we have two nights seen——

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, Marcellus and my self,
The bell then beating One——

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

* This line is given to *Ber.* in the old editions.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 321

Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the Majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometime march? by Heav'n I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak. [*Exit Ghost*].

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than phantasmie?

What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self.

Such was the very armour he had on,

When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:

So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle

He smote the fleeced *Polack* on the ice.

'Tis strange——

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With martial stalk, hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subjects of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

322 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: in which our valiant *Hamlet*
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquisher, as by that cov'nant
And carriage of the articles design'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and dyet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our state,
But to recover of us by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poste-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
Well may it fort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 323

the most high and ^a palmy state of Rome,
 little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 the graves stood tenantless, the sheeted dead
 did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
 wars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
 fasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,
 upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 was sick almost to doom's-day with eclipse.
 and even the like precursor of fierce events,
 the harbingers preceding still the fates,
 and prologue to the ^a 'omen'd' coming on,
 have heav'n and earth together demonstrated
 into our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghost again.

at soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
 all cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
 [Spreading his arms.

thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
 speak to me.

there be any good thing to be done,
 that may to thee do ease, and grace to me;
 speak to me.

thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which happily fore-knowing may avoid,
 Oh speak!——

or, if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
 extorted treasure in the womb of earth, [Cock crows,
 for which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
 speak of it. Stay, and speak——Stop it, Marcellus——

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here——

Hor. 'Tis here——

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

X 2

To

(a) Palmy for victorious. Warburton.

^a omen . . . old edit. Theob. amend.

324 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

To offer it the shew of violence ;
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day ; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine : and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm ;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill ;
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius,
Lords and Attendants.*

King. **T**HOUGH yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along; (for all, our thanks!)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;
Collogued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, by all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our self, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,

326 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein; in that the levies,
The lifts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subjects; and we here dispatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you, *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further personal power
Of treaty with the King, more than the scope
Which these dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haste commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius*]

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, *Laertes*?
You cannot speak of reason to the *Dane*,
And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The ³ 'blood' is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than ⁴ 'to' the Throne of *Denmark* 'is' thy father.
What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To shew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again tow'rd *France*:
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what says *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by laboursome petition,
Wrung from me my slow leave; and at the last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,

And

³ head . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁴ is . . . old edit. Warb. emend. ⁵ to . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

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And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son——

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. *

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i'th' sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,

Seek for thy noble father in the dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

Passing thro' nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *seems*:

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth show:

These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But you must know, your father lost a father,

That father his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.

It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,

X 4

An

(a) It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression known in former times for a Relation so blended and confused that it was hard to define it.

328 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

An understanding simple, and unschool'd;
 For what we know must be, and is as common,
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theam
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first coarse, 'till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This ⁶ 'unavailing' woe, and think of us
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And ⁷ 'with't' no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, *Hamlet*:
 I pr'ythee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
 Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling ⁸ 'at' my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell it;
 And the King's rowse the heavens shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw,

⁶ unprevailing

⁷ with ... *old edit. Theob. emend.*

⁸ to

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 329

Thaw, and resolve it self into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two,——
 So excellent a King, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not 'let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember?——why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet within a month!——
 Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is woman!
 A little month!——or e'er those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why she, ev'n she,——
 Oh heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor.

9 beteeene . . . old edit. *Theob, emend.*

328 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
 For what we know must be, and is as common,
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
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 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature
 Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two,——
 So excellent a King, that was to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not 'let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember?—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet within a month!——
 Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is woman!
 A little month!——or e'er those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like *Niobe*, all tears——Why she, ev'n she,——
 Oh heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer——married with mine uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!——
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor.

9 beteeene . . . old edit. *Theob.* emend.

330 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever

Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio* ?
Marcellus ! —

Mar. My good Lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good ' ' morning, ' Sir
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg* ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no truant ;
But what is your affair in *Elfinoot* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio* : the funeral bak'd meat
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio* !

My father — methinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my Lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ? —

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King, my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear ; 'till I deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heav'n's love, let me hear.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 331

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
A dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did?

But answer made it none; yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the found it shrunk in haste away,

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Tell you the watch to-night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham.

332 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh yes, my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be treble in your silence still;
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [Exeunt.]

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE

2 this

S C E N E V.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessities are imbark'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' sweet, not lasting;
The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In thews and bulk; but as ² the temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The ³ 'sanity' and health of the whole state:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place

May

² this

³ sanctity . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

334 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The charest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it self 'scapes not calumnious strokes;

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then, best safety lyes in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilst like a puffed and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; —but here my father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes*! get aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There——my blessing with you
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

No

or any unproportion'd thought his act :
 thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
 the friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 trapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel :
 do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
 far't that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear ; but few thy voice.
 Take each man's censure ; but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 but not exprest in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 for the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 and they in *France* of the best rank and station
 are most select and generous, chief in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 for loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine own self be true ;
 and it must follow, as the night the day,
 thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewel ; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go ; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well

that I have said.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
 and you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*]

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he said to you ?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

He told me he hath very oft of late
 given private time to you ; and you your self
 have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

It be so, (as so 'tis put on me
 and that in way of caution) I must tell you,
 you do not understand your self so clearly,

As

336 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think your self a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
*Wringing⁴ it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his speech,
Lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
Ev'n in their promise as it is a making,
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scatter of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments^a at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meer implorers of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious⁵ 'bawds,

(a) Intreatments is the same as Treatments and signifies here, manner of your being treated by him.

⁴ Wringing . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁵ Bonds . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

better to beguile. This is for all:

ould not in plain terms, from this time forth,

ve you so slander any moment's leisure,

to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

ok to't, I charge you; come your way.

Opb. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

THE air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the season

wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike musick within.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

[*rowse,*]

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his

leeps wassel, and the swagg'ring upstart reels;

and as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

the kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out

the triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't:

not to my mind, though I am a native here

and to the manner born, it is a custom

more honour'd in the breach, than the observance.^a

VOL. VI.

Y

Enter

(a) *These 20 lines following are in the first edition, but since left out, perhaps as being thought too verbose.*

this heavy-headed revel, east and west,

makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;

they clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

add our addition; and indeed it takes

From

338 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable^a shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
'Why thy bones hears'd in canonized⁷ earth,⁶
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead coarfe, again in compleat steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet*

Hor.

From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chanches in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's star)
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. —

Enter Ghost, &c.

(a) *By questionable is meant, inviting question, provoking question*

6 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in

7 death, . . . old edit, Warb. emend.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as it self?
It waves me forth again. — I'll follow it —

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might ^s'deprave' your sov'reignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain
That looks so many fadoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: go on, I'll follow thee —

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen —

[Breaking from them.

By heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me —
I say, away — go on — I'll follow thee —

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

Y 2

Mar.

^s deprive . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

340 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no fur-

Ghost. Mark me. [ther]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to fast in fires;
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, oh list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love——

Ham. Oh heav'n!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 341

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose nat'ral gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate it self in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

342 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatcht;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 Oh horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest:
 But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

[Exit.]

Ham. Oh all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? oh hold, my heart—
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
 But bear me stiffly up; remember thee—
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee—
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,

That

H

That youth
 And thy co
 Within the
 Unmixt v
 Oh most p
 Oh villain
 My tables,
 That one
 At least I
 So, uncle,
 It is, *Adie*
 've sworn

Hor. M

Mar.

Hor. F

Mar.

Hor. I

Ham.

Mar.

Hor. V

Ham.

Hor.

Ham.

Hor.

Mar.

Ham.

But you?

Both.

Ham.

But he i

Hor.

To tell

(a) Th

when the

that youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
 Oh most pernicious woman!
 Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
 My tables,——meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
 So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me*:
 I've sworn it——

S C E N E IX.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My Lord, my Lord!
 Mar. Lord *Hamlet*!
 Hor. Heav'n secure him!
 Mar. So be it.
 Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
 Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, ^a come.
 Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?
 Hor. What news, my Lord?
 Ham. Oh wonderful!
 Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.
 Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
 Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heav'n.
 Mar. Nor I, my Lord. [it?
 Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think
 But you'll be secret? ——
 Both. Ay, by heav'n, my Lord.
 Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
 But he is an arrant knave. [grave
 Hor. There needs no ghost, my Lord, come from the
 To tell us this.

Y 4

Ham.

(a) *This is the Call which Falconers use to their Hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.*

344 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You as your business and desires shall point you,
(For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by *St. Patrick*, but there is, my Lord,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We've sworn, my Lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear.

[*Ghost cries under the stage*]

Ham. Ah ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there, true?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge. [penny]
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 345

Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

[*fast?*

Ham. Well said, old mole, can't work i'th' ground so
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in ⁹'our' philosophy.

But come,

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on)

That you at such time seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbred thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, well—we know—or, we could, an if we would—

Or, if we list to speak—or, there be, an if there might—

Or such ambiguous giving out, denote

That you know aught of me; this do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is

May do t' express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack; let us go ⁵'in:

And still your fingers on your lips I pray.

The time is out of joint; oh cursed spight,

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*

9 your 1 in together,



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*
Rey. I will, my Lord. [*noldo*]

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Rey*
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, Sir
 Enquire me first what *Danvers* are in *Paris*;
 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence; and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more near;
 Then your particular demands will touch it;
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 As thus—I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo*?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may say—not well;
 But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
 Addicted so and so—and there put on him
 What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
 As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
 But, Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
 As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord—

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Qua

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 quarrelling
Rey. M
Pol. 'Fa
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2 another

quarrelling, drabbing.—You may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge ;
you must not put 'an utter' scandal on him,

that he is open to incontinency,

that's not my meaning ; but breathe his faults so quaintly,

that they may seem the taints of liberty ;

the flash and out-break of a fiery mind,

savageness in unreclaimed blood

of general assault.

Rey. But, my good Lord——

Pol. Wherefore should you do this ?

Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift,

and I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

as 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,

mark you your party in converse, him you would sound ;

having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

the youth you speak of guilty, be assur'd

he closes with you in this consequence ;

good Sir, or 'Sir,' or friend, or gentleman,

According to the phrase or the addition

of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my Lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this ;

he does——what was I about to say ?

was about to say something, where did I leave ?——

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence——Ay marry,

he closes thus. I know the gentleman,

saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

or then, with such and such, and, as you say,

there was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowle,

there falling out at tennis ; or perchance,

saw him enter such a house of sale,

Idelicet, a brothel, or so forth.—See you now ;

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 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
 What company, at what expence; and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son, come you more near;
 Then your particular demands will touch it;
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was about to say something, where did I leave ?—

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Pol. At closes in the consequence—Ay marry,
he closes thus. I know the gentleman,
saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
or then, with such and such, and, as you say,
there was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowle,
there falling out at tennis ; or perchance,
saw him enter such a house of sale,
delicet, a brothel, or so forth.—See you now ;

Your

348 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my Lord—

Pol. Observe his inclination + 'e'en' your self.

Rey. I shall, my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my Lord. [Ex

S C E N E II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter

Oph. Alas, my Lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My Lord, I do not know:

But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time staid he so;

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 349

at last, a little shaking of my arm,
and thrice his head thus waving up and down,
he rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
that it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
and end his being. Then he lets me go,
and with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
he seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
for out o' doors he went without their help,
and to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.

This is the very ecstasie of love;
whose violent property foredoes itself,
and leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
as oft as any passion under heav'n,

that does afflict our natures. I am sorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Opb. No, my good Lord; but as you did command,
did repel his letters, and deny'd
his access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifled
and meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!

It seems it is as proper to our age
to cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
as it is common for the younger sort
to lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.

This must be known, which being kept close, might move
more grief to hide 'hate, than to utter love. [Exeunt.

more than hate, to utter, love.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern, Lords,
and other Attendants.*

King. **W**elcome, dear *Rosincrosse* and *Guildenstern*!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlet's* transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lyes within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Gui.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 351

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrosse* and gentle *Guildenstern*,

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern* and gentle *Rosincrosse*;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. Oh speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*]

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my good
friends!

Say,

352 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*:
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your Highness. Whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the *Polack*:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
'And think upon an answer to this business.
Mean time we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Ambassadors*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,

6 Answer, and think upon this business.

What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all:

That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;

And pity it is, 'tis true; a foolish figure,

But farewell it; for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then; and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;

For this effect, defective, comes by cause;

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus,

Perpend——

Have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise:

[He opens a letter and reads.]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified

Ophelia. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified

a vile phrase; but you shall hear——These to her excel-

lent white bosom, these——

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire,

[Reading.]

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt, I love.

Oh dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not

art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most

best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this

Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:

And, more above, hath his solicitings

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

VOL. VI.

Z

the King.

354 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable,

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think
When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,
This must not be; and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise;

[Pointing to his head and body]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks 'for' hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 355

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
 Leave you and I behind an arras then,
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where, sadly, the poor wretch comes
 reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. *[Exeunt King and Queen.]*

O give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is
 to be one pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
 Being a 'God' kissing carrion——

Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' sun; conception is a
 blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend,
 look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter——

Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger.

He is far gone; and truly in my youth, *[Aside.]*

I suffer'd much extremity for love;

Z z

Very

§ good . . . Warb. emend.

356 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Very near this. I'll speak to him again.

What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satyrical slave says here that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it no honesty to have it thus set down: for, your self, Sir, shall 'be but as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' air:

How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are?

A happiness that often madness hits on,

Which sanity and reason could not be

So prosp'rously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him and my daughter.

My honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet; there he is. [*Exit*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd Lord!

9 be as

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 357

Ros. My most dear Lord! [denstern?]

Ham. My excellent good friends! how dost thou, Guil-

h, Rosincrosse? good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy;

on fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe.

Ros. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle

her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most true;

is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not

ue. Let me question more in particular: what have

ou, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,

at she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines,

ards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing

ther good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is

prison.

Ros. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too

narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and

unt my self a King of infinite space; were it not that

have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very

stance of the ambitious is meerly the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light

quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs

358 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

and out-stretch'd heroes the beggars shadows ; Shall
to th' Court? for by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the
rest of my servants ; for to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended ; but in the beaten
way of friendship, what make you at *Elfinoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord ; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ;
but I thank you ; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are
too dear 'at a half-penny. Were you not sent for?
it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? come, de-
justly with me ; come, come ; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing but to the purpose. You were sent
for ; and there is a kind of confession in your look
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour.
I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me ; but let me conjure
you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonance
of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserving
love, and by what more dear a better proposer could
charge you withal ; be even and direct with me, whether
you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you : if you love
me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipations
prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King
and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but where-
fore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom
of exercise ; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my
disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems
to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy of
air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this
majestical

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 359

majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears
no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congrega-
tion of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how
noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and
moving how express and admirable! in action how like
an angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of
the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what
this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; nor
woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, *man delights*
not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in man,
what lenten entertainment the Players shall receive from
you; we accosted them on the way, and hither are they
coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his
Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight
shall use his foyle and target; the lover shall not sigh
gratis; the humourous man shall end his part in peace;
and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse
shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the
Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence both
in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the
late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when
I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace;
but there is, Sir, an ^a Aiery of Children, little ^a 'eyas's,
that

Z 4

(a) *Relating to the playhouses then contending, the Bankside, the*
Fortune, &c.—play'd by the Children of his Majesty's chapel. Pope.

i yases, . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

360 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

What cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so be rattle the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em how are they escoted? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is more like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides and the nation holds it no sin, to tarr them on to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his load.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. *[Flourish for the Players]*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfinoor*; your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony, let me ²complement with you in the garbe, lest my extent to the players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a ³henshaw.

² comply

³ hand saw.

SCENE

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 361

S C E N E VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Ros. Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the play-ers, mark it; — you say right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you.

When *Roscius* was an actor in *Rome*——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour——

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass ——

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light: for the law of wit and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Ob *Jephtha*, judge of *Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, *God wot*——and then you know,
I came to pass, as most like it was; the first row of the
Pont-

362 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Pont-chansons * will shew you more. For look when
my abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, masters, welcome all: I am glad to see
you well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy
face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to bear
me in *Denmark*? What, my young Lady and mistress
berlady, your Ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw
you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God your
voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd
within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome; we
e'en to't like *French* falconers, fly at any thing we see
we'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your
quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
never acted: or if it was, not above once, for the players
I remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the
general; but it was (as I received it, and others, who
judgment in such matters cryed in the top of mine) an
excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with
as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there
was no salt in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor
no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of
'affectation,' but call'd it, an honest method. One
speech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Aeneas'* tale to *Didon*
and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priam's*
slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:
let me see, let me see — The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the
Hyrcean beast — It is not so — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable arms
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse;
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd

(a) Pont-chansons is the French word for Street-ballads, to some collection of which Hamlet refers Polonius after repeating some scraps of rhymes out of them.

Pope.

4 affection,

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 363

With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horribly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murders vile. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good
accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking, too short, at *Greeks*. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lyes where it falls
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell sword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' air to stick:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus'* pause,
A rowed vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou strumpet fortune! all you Gods,
In general synod take away her power!

Break

364 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee
say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 Play. But who, oh, who had seen the mobled Queen,

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the
flames

With biffon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made melt the burning eyes of heav'n,
And 'passion'd the Gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turn'd his colour, and has not
tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.
Good my Lord, will you see the players well bestow'd?
Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the ab-
stract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death,
you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report
while you liv'd.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodikins, man, much better. Use every
man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? use
them after your own honour and dignity. The less they de-

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 365

deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could for need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which would set down, and insert in't; could ye not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*.

Ros. Good my Lord. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That from her working, all his visage warm'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing:

For *Hecuba*:

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weep for her? what would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? he would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,

Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed

The very faculty of eyes and ears. —

Yet I say nothing; no, not for a King,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A

366 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-cross,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
 Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lie i'th' throat,
 As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 Yet I should take it——for it cannot be
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? this is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab——
 A 'cullion!——fye upon't! about, my brain!——
 I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil, and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

6 stallion . . . old edit. Theob. amend.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse,
Guildenstern, and Lords.

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. 'Tis most free of question, but to our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him 'unto any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
Have over-took on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
For this night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And

Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

368 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose 'on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord.

[*Exeunt*

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet's* wildness. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen*

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye
We will bestow our selves:—read on this book;
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd that with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. 'Oh it is but too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience

[*Al*

The harlot's cheek beautied with plaist'ring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 369

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my Lord.
[Exeunt all but Ophelia.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question——
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,^a
 And by opposing end them.——To die——to sleep——
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 Our heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die——to sleep——
 To sleep——perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub——
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 That the dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose borne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution

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^a Instead of a sea of troubles perhaps Shakespear wrote assailing trou-
 which would preserve a propriety in the metaphor.

pang

370 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.——Soft you now,
[Seeing Ophelia]

The fair *Ophelia*! nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered!

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed much to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My Lord——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should add
no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my Lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?

Ham. Ay truly; for the power of beauty will soon
transform honesty from what it is, to a bawd; than
force of honesty can translate beauty into its likeness. This
was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.
I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish
it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

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HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 371

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a
 member of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet
 would accuse me of such things, that it were better my
 mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengeful,
 ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have
 thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape,
 time to act them in. What should such fellows as I
 crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant
 knaves, believe none of us——Go thy ways to a nunne-
 ry——Where's your father?

Opb. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may
 not come in. The fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Opb. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for
 thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 thou shalt not escape calumny——Get thee to a nunnery——
 Farewel——Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool;
 for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make
 of them——To a nunnery, go——and quickly too, farewel.

Opb. Heav'nly powers! restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough:
 you have given you one face, and you make your self ano-
 ther. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name
 your creatures, and make your wantonness your igno-
 rance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad.
 Nay, we will have no more marriages. Those that are
 married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep
 their virgins. To a nunnery, go. [Exit Hamlet.]

Opb. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
 the expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 the glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 the observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
 And his did lament of ladies most deject and wretched,
 that suck'd the honny of his musick vows,
 now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

A a 2

Like

soldier's, scholar's,

372 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasie. Oh woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

S C E N E III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To shew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If she find him not,
To *England* send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exit*

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. **S**peak the speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirl-wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such fellow whipt for o'er-doing termagant; it out-berods berod. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you overstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure. Now this over-done or come tardy off though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which, must give your allowance o'er-sway a whole theatre of others. There be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gate of christian, pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that

A a 3

of which one

374 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

that I have thought some of nature's journey-men have made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players*]

Enter Polonius, Rosincrosse, and Guildenstern.

How now, my Lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [*Exit Polonius*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Ham. What ho! *Horatio!*

Hor. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear Lord —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,

and could of men distinguish, her election
 hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
 one, in suffering all that suffers nothing:
 a man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
 hath ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those,
 whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
 that they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 to sound what stop she please. Give me that man
 that is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 as my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
 I do thee. — Something too much of this. —
 There is a play to-night before the King,
 the scene of it comes near the circumstance
 which I have told thee, of my father's death.
 Pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 w'n with the very comment of thy soul
 observe mine uncle: if his occult guilt
 do not it self unkennel in one speech,
 it is a damn'd ghost that we have seen:
 and my imaginations are as foul
 as *Vulcan's* smithy. Give him heedful note,
 for I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 and after we will both our judgments join,
 in censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my Lord.
 He shall aught the whilst this play is playing,
 and 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse,
 Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with a Guard
 carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.*

Ham. They're coming to the play; I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

A a 4

Ham.

s flithy. . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

376 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord. You plaid once i'th' university, you say? [To Polonius]

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what should a man do, but be merry? for look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of 'ermyn. Oh heav'ns! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's

6 'tis twice two

7 fables.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 377

man's memory may out-live his life half a year : but by'r-
lady, he must build churches then ; or else shall he suffer
not thinking on, with the hobby-horse ; whose epitaph is,
For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.

S C E N E VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

*Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal coronets, very loving-
ly ; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. He takes
her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him
down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves
him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his coronet, kisses
it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and Exit. The
Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passio-
nate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes
come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead
body is carried away. The poisoner woes the Dutchess with
gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end
accepts his love. [Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my Lord ?

Ham: Marry, this is miching Malicho, that means,
mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play ?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow : the players can-
not keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not
you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it
means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your bearing patiently.*

Ham.

378 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Opb. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke and Dutchess, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus*' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus*' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have ⁸ 'times twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must;
And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Duke. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou ———

Dutch. Oh confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!

Dutch. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:

⁸ time twelve thirties been,

Ham.
Duke
Purpose is
Of violence
Which ne
But fall
Most nec
To pay
What to
The passi
The viole
Their ow
Where j
Grief joy
This wo
That ev
For 'tis a
Whether
The grea
The poo
And hith
For who
And wh
Directly
But orde
Our will
That our
Our tho
So think
But die
Dutch
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Both he
If, once
Ham.
Duke
Pur
9 to m

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity:
 Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis that we forget,
 To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
 What to our selves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
 The violence of either grief or joy,
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye, and 'tis not strange
 That ev'n our loves should with our fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
 The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Dutch. Nor earth, 'oh! give me food, nor heaven
 light!
 Sport and repose lock from me, day and night;
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!
Ham. If she should break it now —
Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here a while,
 My

9 to me give

380 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps]

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The Lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouse-trap*. Marry how? tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptista*; you shall see anon 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love; if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. 'So most of you take' husbands.

Begin, murderer. Leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate season, and no creature seeing:
Thou mixture rank, of midnight-weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thou natural magick, and dire property,

1 So you must take

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On whole
Ham.
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Italian.
ove of G
Oph. T
Ham.
Queen.
Pol. G
King. C
All. L

Ham.
The
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ry of P
Hor.
Ham.
For thou
Thi
Of Jove
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Hor.
Ham.
a thousa
Hor.
Ham.
Hor.

On
2 struc
4 Pea

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 381

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison in his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i'th' garden for's estate; his name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manent Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. *Why, let the ²' stricken' deer go weep,*

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;

So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two provincial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. ³'Ay, a whole one.'

For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

A very very ⁴'paddock.'

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter

² strucken

³ A whole one, I.

⁴ Peacock or Paicock. . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

382 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha ! come, some musick. Come, the recorders
For if the King like not the comedy ;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musick.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The King, Sir,—

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd—

Ham. With drink, Sir ?

Guil. No, my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to
signifie this to his doctor : for me to put him to his
purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in most great affliction
of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the
right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whole-
some answer, I will do your mother's commandment ;
if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of
my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer : my wit's
diseas'd. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall
command ; or rather, as you say, my mother : therefore
no more but to the matter—my mother, you say—

Ros. Then thus she says ; your behaviour hath struck
her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mo-
ther ! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's
admiration ?

HA

Ros. She
to bed.

Ham. W
Have you

Ros. My

Ham. So

Ros. Go

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ou deny y

Ham. Si

Ros. Ho

King himf

Ham. A

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Guil. C

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Ham. I

Guil. E

Ham. I

Guil. I

Ham.

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ou, the

Guil. I

harmony,

Ham.

make of

to know

myltery,

Ros.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 383

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in *Denmark*?

Ham. Ay, but *while the grass grows*—the proverb something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh, the recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying; govern these ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note, to the

384 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

the top of my compass; and there is much musick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you, Sir!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a *Camel*?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an *Ouzle*.

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle*.

Ham. Or like a *Whale*?

Pol. Very like a *Whale*.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by:—they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said: Leave me, friends

[*Exeunt*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
Oh heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites!

[*Exit*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter King, Rosincrosse, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;

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your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his 'lunes.'

Guil. We will provide ourselves;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many bodies safe, that live
And feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from 'noyance'; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal 'depend and rest'
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a massy wheel
Fixt on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial,) should o'er-hear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

VOL. VI.

B b

Oh

5 lunacies. . . old edit. Theob. emend.

6 depends and rests

386 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
 A brother's murther.—⁷ Pray alas! I cannot:
 Though inclination be as sharp⁸ as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
 To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
 My fault is past. But oh what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murther!*
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murther,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lyes
 In his true nature, we our selves compell'd
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can⁹ 'aught, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well.

[*The King kneels*]
 S C E N E

⁷ Pray I cannot: ⁸ as will, . . . *old edit. Theob. emend.* ⁹ it,

Ham.
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 And so a
 A villai
 I, his fo
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 With all
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King.
 Words,

Pol. H
 Tell him

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 387

S C E N E X.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't——and so he goes to heav'n,
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd,——
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heav'n——O this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as *May*;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heav'n?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, fwearing, or about some act
That has no 'relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays;
This physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*
King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

S C E N E XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. **H**E will come straight; look you lay home to
him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And

388 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll 'sconce' ^a me even here;
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. I'll warant you,
Fear me not: ² 'you withdraw,' I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
You go not 'till I set you up a glass [budge]
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me!
Help, ho!

Pol. What ho, help!

[*Behind the Arras*]

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain.

[*Hamlet kills Polonius.*]

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?

Queen. Oh, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my word.

(a) 'Sconce the same as insconce: that is, to cover or secure. The same word is used upon the like occasion in *The merry wives of Windsor* p. 257. I will insconce me behind the Arras.

1 silence

2 withdraw,

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I took
Thou f
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That it

Queen
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Ham.

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 389

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell, [To Pol.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st, to be too busie is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense. [tongue

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers oaths. O such a deed,
As from the body of contraction^a plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband. — Look you now what follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,

B b 3

Blasting

(a) By contraction here is meant the same thing as we understand
now by contract: namely, a solemn promise or ingagement.

390 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? what devil was't,
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 O shame! where is thy blush? rebellious 'heat,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty sty——

Queen. Oh speak no more,
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears,
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket.

Queen. 'Oh! no more.'

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches——
 Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings, [*Starting up*

3 hell, . . . old. edit. Warb. emend.

4 No more.

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 391

You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O say.——

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you,
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,^a
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,

B 4

This

(a) In this Author the Hair is often call'd an excrement. Theobald.

392 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

This bodiless creation Ecstasie
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstasie?

My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursie times,
Virtue it self of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, coub, and woee, for leave to do it good.

Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits 'evil,' is angel yet in this

That to the use of actions fair and good,

He likewise gives a frock or livery

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence; the next more easie;

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,

And master ev'n the devil; or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,

[Pointing to Po

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 393

do repent: but ⁶ 'the heavens have' pleas'd it so
To punish ⁷ 'him with me, and me with this'
That I must be their scourge and minister.

will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so again, good night!
must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and like the famous ape
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so ⁸ 'concluded.'

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
(Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,)
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery: let it work,
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And

⁶ heav'n hath
⁸ concluded on.

⁷ me with this, and this with me,

394 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And blow them at the moon. O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night! Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother!

[*Exeunt, Hamlet tugging out Polonius*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter KING and QUEEN.

KING.

THERE's matter in these sighs; these profound heav-
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Ah, my good Lord, what have I seen to-night

King. What *Gertrude*? how does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your self, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 395

ould have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows it self pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance, and excuse. Ho! *Guildestern*!

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haste in this.

[Exeunt Rosincrosse and Guildestern.]

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed——

Ros. and Guil. witbin. *Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*

Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh here they come,

Enter Rosincrosse and Guildestern.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead body?

Ham.

396 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Rof. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rof. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication
should be made by the son of a King?

Rof. Take you me for a sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that fokes up the King's countenance
his rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King
best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, at
the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd
when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in
foolish ear.

Rof. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and
go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King is 'nothing.'

Guil. 'Nothing,' my Lord?

Ham. 'A thing or nothing' bring me to him; hide
fox, and all after. [Exeunt]

S C E N E III.

Enter King.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

(a) *It is the way of Monkeys in eating to throw that part of their food
which they take up first into a pouch they are provided with on the side
of their jaw, and there they keep it 'till they have done with the rest.*

(b) *There is a Play among children call'd Hide fox and all after,*

(g) a thing.

1 A thing,

2 Of nothing

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
 And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
 But never the offence. To bear all smooth,
 This sudden sending him away must seem
 Deliberate pause: diseases desp'rate grown,
 By desperate appliance are relieved,
 Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrosse.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my Lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, *Guildestern*! bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildestern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a cer-
 tain convocation of politike worms are at him. Your
 worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures
 else to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots. Your
 King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two
 dishes to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of
 King, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
 progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heav'n, send thither to see. If your messen-
 ger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your
 self. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you
 shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King.

398 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine especial safety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee hence
With fiery quickness; then prepare thy self,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England*?

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them; but come,
England! farewell, dear mother!

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife
man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come
for *England*! [Exit]

King. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosincrosse and Guildenstern*]

And, *England*! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set by
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England*:
For like the hestick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

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SCENE

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S C E N E IV.

A Camp on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

G O, captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,

Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*

claims the conveyance of a promis'd march

over his realm. You know the rendezvous.

That his Majesty would aught with us,

we shall express our duty in his eye,

and let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on. [*Exit Fortinbras, with the Army.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosincrosse, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Cap. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it against the main of *Poland*, Sir,

for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,

we go to gain a little patch of ground

that hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats——five——I would not farm it,

nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*

at any ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Polack* never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and + 'many' thousand ducats

will not debate the question of this straw;

this is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,

That

400 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God b'w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before.

[*Exeunt*]

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To rust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward :) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me ;
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
(Excitements of my reason and my blood)
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a spot

Where

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 401

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

A Palace.

Enter Queen, and a Gentleman.

Queen. **I** Will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,

indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Purns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought;
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in —

[Exit Gent.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Opb. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

VOL. VI.

Cc

Queen.

Enter Queen, Horatio and a Gentleman.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding minds.

Let her come in —

Queen. To my sick soul, &c.

402 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle bat and staff, and his sandal shoon. [Singing]

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady; what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.
He's dead and gone, Lady, he's dead and gone,
At his bead a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia. —

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, Godild you. They say the owl was a
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let us have no words of this; but when they
ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,

And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and don'd his cloaths, and 'op'd the
chamber-door;

Let in 'a maid, but out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed? without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity;

Alack, and fie for shame,

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By cock they are to blame.

7 dupt . . . old edit. Warb. emend. d'opt i. e. do open.

8 the maid, that

King.
Oph.
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9 Wh

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 403

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Opb. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good-night, Ladies; good-night, sweet Ladies; good-night, good-night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you;

This is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain,
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good *Polonius'* death. We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him; poor *Opbelia*
Divided from her self, and her fair judgment,
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on his anger, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Whence animosity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *[A Noise within.]*

9 Wherein necessity,

404 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard
door.

What is the matter?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord.

The ocean over-peering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
(Antiquity forgot, custom not known)

¹ They cry, *chuse we Laertes for our King*:

The ratifiers and props of every word
Caps, hands, and ² 'shouts, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King.

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry!
Oh this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs! [*Noise with*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! stand you all without

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.

O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*,

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims
bastard,

Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here between the chaste and unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,

¹ The ratifiers and props of every word

They cry, "*chuse we Laertes for our King.*"

² tongues

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 405.

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a King,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

And little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,

Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude*.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill!

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation; to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's.

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes*,

If you desire to know the certainty

Of your dear father's death, in your revenge

(That sweep-stake) will you draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,

And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce,

CC 3

As

3 Acts

4 you will

406 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

As day does to your eye.

[A noise within, Let her come in]

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia fantastically drest with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and vertue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heav'n, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,
And on his grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you call him
a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the fall
steward that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray
love, remember; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remem-
brance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there
rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call
herb of grace o' Sundays: you may wear your rue with
difference. There's a daisie; I would give you some
violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: the
day, he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 407

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell it self,
he turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,

Gramercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. *[Exit Ophelia.]*

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right: go but a-part,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours

To you in satisfaction. But if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we shall jointly labour with your soul,

To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral,

No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth;

That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall:

And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.

I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.]

408 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hor. **W**Hat are they that would speak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

[Exit Ser.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' Ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these fellows some means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosincrosse and Guildenstern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come,

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 409

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. **N**OW must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
With you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
My virtue or my plague, be't either which,
He's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
So could not but by her. The other motive
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So my arrows
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,

Stood

410 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. These to your Majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not:
They were giv'n me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us, all—
[Exit Messenger]

*High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your king's
eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, re-
count th' occasion of my sudden return.*

Hamlet

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse——and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character;
Naked, and in a postscript here, he says
Alone: can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord: but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live 'to tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so?——how otherwise?——
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I, so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 411

No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy;
I've seen my self, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horse-back; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he pass'd my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,

And

412 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark!

And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness growing to a⁶ 'plethora,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift sigh
That hurts by easing; but to th' quick o'th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew your self your father's son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarise;
Revenge should have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep close within your chamber;
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 413

And set a double varnish on the fame:
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving;
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may abuse
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit it to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't—when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

S C E N E X.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer.

414 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Laer. Drown'd? oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows a-slant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliuer broke,
When down her weedy trophies and her self
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native, and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my Lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [Exit]

King. Follow, Gertrude:
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. [Exit]





ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

Shall she to be buried in christian burial, that willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave straight, the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lyes the point; if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is to think, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 Clown. Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: ere stands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himself. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay marry is't, crowner's quest law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 Clown. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown

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drown or hang themselves, more than other christians.
Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the scripture? the scripture says, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confound thy self——

2 Clown. Go to.

1 Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2 Clown. The gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; *argal*, The gallows may do well to the world; To't again, come.

2 Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?——

1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clown. To't.

2 Clown. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker. The houses he makes, last 'till dooms-day: go, get thee *Youghan*, fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown]*

Hamlet. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 417

He digs and sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,

Metbought it was very sweet ;

To contract, oh, the time for, a, my bebove,

Oh metbought there was 'nothing so meet.'

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making ?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so ; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But age with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch :

And hath shipped me into 'bis' land,

As if I ne'er had been such.

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once ; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder ! this might be the pate of a politician which this ass o'er-offices ; one that could circumvent God, might it not ?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet Lord ; how dost thou, good Lord ?* this might be my Lord such a one's, that prais'd my Lord such a one's horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so : and now my lady Worm's, chapels, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at maggats with 'em ? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

For, — and a shrowding sheet !

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

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418 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the son of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quilllets? his cases? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer the rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this firrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir —

*O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't.

Clown. One that was a woman, Sir; but rest her soul she's dead.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 419

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by
card, or equivocation will follow us. By the Lord,
ratio, these three years I have taken note of it, the age
grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so
far the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How
hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day
at our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that:
was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he
was mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover
his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter
ere.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as
mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark*. I have been sexton
ere, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as
we have many pocky coarces now-a-days, that will scarce
hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or
nine year: a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade,
that he will keep out water a great while. And your
water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's
a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

D d 2

Clown.

420 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was *Yorick's* scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath born a burthen on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where were your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that — Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? puh! [*Smelling to the Scull*]

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, *Horatio*! we may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as that *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* return'd to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 421

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft a while —— here comes the King,

S C E N E II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a coffin, with Lords and Priests attendant.

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand
Fore-do its own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a most noble youth: mark ——

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministr'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou ly'st howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife;

422 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;

[*Laertes leaps into the grave*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. [*Discovering himself.*] What is he, whose grief
Bear such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat —
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand:

King. Pluck them afunder —

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet —

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

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9 Eft

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 423

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
 Woo't drink up 'Nile? woo't eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine?
 To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground
 Binding his pate against the burning zone,
 Make *Ossa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness;
 And thus a while the fit will work on him:
 Anon as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir ———
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter ———
 Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
 [Exit *Hor.*
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
 [To *Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your son.
 This grave shall have a living monument.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A HALL in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now shall you see the other.
 You do remember all the circumstance?

D d 4

Hor.

9 *Efill?*

424 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutineers in bilboes; rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-grown scarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark's* health, and *England's* too,
(With ho! such buggs and goblins in my life,)
That on the supervize, no leisure bated
No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with 'villains, and
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They ² 'having' begun the play; I fate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

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HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 425

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a 'cement' 'tween their amities,
And many such like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
No shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
Had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that *Danish* seal:
Folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impress, plac'd it safely,
The change was never known: now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildestern* and *Rosincrosse* go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
Tis dangerous when baser natures come
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm; is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham.

424 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
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They ² 'having² begun the play; I sate me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

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HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 425

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As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
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And many such like *As's* of great charge;
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Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm; is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham.

426 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. It will be short. The *interim* is mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say, *one*.
But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's mess; 'tis a chough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere; I cannot tell how: — My Lord, his Majesty bid me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head, Sir, this is the matter —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 427

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease; in good faith:

Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Ofr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers 'till then. But on; six *Barbary* horses, against six *French* swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the *French* bett against the *Danish*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Ofr. I mean, my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. [Exit.

Ham.

428 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Your's, your's; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did ⁴'complement' with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he and many more of the same breed that I know the droffy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most ⁵'fann'd' and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's special pro-
vidence

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 429

vidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readines is all. Since no man owes aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

S C E N E V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

[Gives him the band of Laertes.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punished with sore distraction.

What I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,

His madness is poor *Hamlet's* enemy.

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation;

'Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice, and president of peace

To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,

I

430 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
7 Give us the foils: come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick*.

Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my Lord;
Your Grace hath laid ⁸ upon the weaker ſide:

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length?

[*Prepares to play*]

Oſr. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,
And in the cup an ^a Union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark's* crown have worn. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

[*They play*]

Ham.

(a) Union hath been a name in all times given to one of the richeſt
ſorts of Pearls. See *Plin. Nat. Hiſt.*

7 Give us the foils.

8 the odds o'th

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 431

Ham. One——

Laer. No——

Ham. Judgment.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well——again——

King. Stay, give me drink. *Hamlet, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.*

[*Trumpets sound, Shot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*]

Come——another hit——what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,——

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

[*Drinks.*]

King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third; *Laertes*, you but dally;

pray you pass with your best violence,

am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*]

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they
change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again——

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my Lord?

Ofr.

432 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ofr. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock 'in' my own spring [Ofr. To the un
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poison'd —— [Queen die

Ham. O villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out ——

Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then, venom, 'do' thy work. [Stabs the King

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [King die

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [Die

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you ——
But let it be —— *Horatio*, I am dead,

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HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 433

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never; believe it:
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some liquor left:

Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Poland*,
To the 'ambassador' of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, sweet
Prince;
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drum,
colours, and Attendants.*

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?

VOL. VI.

E c

If

2 ambassadors

434 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries 'out, havock! Oh proud death,
What feast is tow'rd in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late;
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrosse* and *Guildestern* are dead,
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since so full upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Ev'n while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains

3 on havock!

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HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 435

Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier to the stage,
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
 The soldiers musick, and the rites of war,
 Speak loudly for him!
 Take up the body: such a sight as this
 Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.]

GRAVE OF HAMLET AT ELSINORE.

MANY objects of interest present themselves to the stranger at Elsinore. Among them, more particularly, are the fortress, and the garden of Marienslust, where is to be seen what is traditionally said to be the grave of Hamlet. Yet, the interior of the fortress contains nothing remarkable; and the grave is a misnomer; for Hamlet lived, reigned, died, and was buried in Jutland. As the earlier chronicles relate, being apprised of the conspiracy against his life by his step-father and mother, he feigned imbecility of mind, and in a retaliatory revenge, destroyed them in their house, by blocking up the doors, and setting fire to it. Hamlet then reigned in quiet, maintained his dignity respectably, and died a natural death. Those who have wept over the sorrows of Ophelia, as portrayed by England's dramatic bard, may be relieved by the assurance, that the whole is a fiction by Shakespeare, and that nowhere, near Elsinore, is there any brook, with willows, in which Ophelia could have perished.

The grave of Hamlet, as shewn in Denmark, is about a stone's throw distance at the back of the mansion of Marienslust. The sea is seen between a continuous clump of trees planted in a circle, and the grave is noted by some scattered square stones of small size, which appear to have once served for a cenotaph, and stand on a knoll or rising mound covered and surrounded by beech trees. Nothing of their history is known, they seem to be little respected or thought about by the towns-people of Elsinore; but pious and romantic pilgrims from another fatherland, have borne off considerable portions as relics, and a few years will probably witness their total dispersion. M.

NUMISMATA HELLENICA.

UNDER this title has been published 'A Catalogue of Greek Coins, collected by WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE, F.R.S., one of the Vice-Presidents of the Royal Society of Literature.'

This volume adds more to the assistance of the student in the history of Greece, than any other work that has preceded it, and proffers much to the numismatist that may in vain be sought for elsewhere. Its range embraces, as far as found practicable, descriptions and notices of Greek coins, the productions of all the countries, over which the monetary art and excellence of Greece extended; and of every age, from the earliest known specimens, to the reign of Gallienus, a space of eight hundred years. To render more clearly its value and importance, the following retrospective notices are submitted.

But from their monuments, scarcely any thing is known of Egypt and Assyria. The kingdom of the Pharaohs was not available to the historical researches of the Greeks, until after its subjugation by the Babylonians and the Persians; nothing even of its history remained, save its monuments, in the time of the Ptolemies, with two or three confused lists of regal names, and but a single date, that rested on a recognized basis. The monuments of Assyria have their interpretation solely in the Old Testament; in like manner, so great has been the destruction of Greek literature by the ravages of barbarism, bigotry and ignorance, that of the immense number of Greek writings anciently collected in the libraries of Egypt, Greece and Italy, but little remains, and scarcely any contemporaneous of the events related. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that when the hydrographical outline of the ancient

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 435

Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers musick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him!

Take up the body: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance is
shot off.*]



E e 2

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUKE of Venice



Orsino, Brother to Brabantio.

Lodovico, Knight to Brabantio and Orsino.

Antonio, the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.

Othello, the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.

Montano, the Moor's Friend and Governor of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to the Moor.

Ishmael, Servant to the Moor.

Brabantio, Governor of Cyprus.

Desdemona, Wife to Othello.

Esmundo, a Gentleman.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE I. For the First Act in Venice.

SCENE II. For the Second Act in Cyprus.

SCENE III. For the Third Act in Cyprus.

SCENE IV. For the Fourth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE V. For the Fifth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE VI. For the Sixth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE VII. For the Seventh Act in Cyprus.

SCENE VIII. For the Eighth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE IX. For the Ninth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE X. For the Tenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XI. For the Eleventh Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XII. For the Twelfth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XIII. For the Thirteenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XIV. For the Fourteenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XV. For the Fifteenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XVI. For the Sixteenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XVII. For the Seventeenth Act in Cyprus.

SCENE XVIII. For the Eighteenth Act in Cyprus.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Venice.

Brabantio, *a noble Venetian.*

Gratiano, *Brother to Brabantio.*

Lodovico, *Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.*

Othello, *the Moor, General for the Venetians in Cyprus.*

Cassio, *his Lieutenant-General.*

Iago, *Standard-bearer to Othello.*

Rodorigo, *a foolish Gentleman, in love with Desdemona.*

Montano, *the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*

Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*

Herald.

Desdemona, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*

Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*

Bianca, *a Courtezan, Mistress to Cassio.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE for the First Act in Venice; during the
rest of the Play in Cyprus.

The Story is taken from Cynthio's Novels. Pope.

OTHELLO



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If ever I
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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Street in V E N I C E.

Enter Rodorigo and Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEVER tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know
of this——

Iago. But you'll not hear me.

If ever I did dream of such a matter,

'Abhor me then.'

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold
Him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not.

Three great ones of the city, in personal suit
To make me his lieutenant, oft' capt to him :
And, by the faith of man, I know my price,
I'm worth no worse a place. But he, as loving
'His pride and purposes,' evades them with
A bumbast circumstance, horribly stuf
With epithets of war ; and in conclusion
Non-suits my mediators ; *Certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

E e 4

And

1 Abhor me.

2 His own pride and purpose,

440 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

And what was he?

Forsooth a great arithmetician,

One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,^a

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair³ 'phyz;^b

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; but the bookish theorique,

Wherein the tongued consuls can propose

As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldierish—he had the election;

And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calm'd

By⁴ 'Debtor,' and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caster*.

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ships Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;

Preferment goes by letter and affection,

And not by old gradation, where each second

Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your self,

If I in any just term am assign'd

To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

(a) It is plain from many other passages in the Play (rightly understood) that Cassio was a Florentine and Iago a Venetian.

(b) In all the former editions this hath been printed a fair wife, but surely it must from the beginning have been a mistake, because it appears from a following part in the Play that Cassio was an unmarried man: on the other hand his Beauty is often hinted at, which it is natural enough for other rough soldiers to treat with scorn and ridicule.

3 wife;

4 Debitor,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 441

For nought but provender, and when old, 's cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves—Others there are
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on their Lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage. These folks have some soul,
And such a one do I profess my self.

It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heav'n is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern; 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I seem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight.
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, 'a' fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio*! Signior *Brabantio*! ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio*! ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

5 the

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Brabantio above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are all doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this? [your gown,

Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for shame put on
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the Devil will make a grandfire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.

Bra. The worse welcome;

I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir,——

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*.
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave *Brabantio*,
In simple and pure soul, I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are not one of those that will not serve God,
if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service,
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Iago.
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Iago.
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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 443

you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter
cover'd with a *Barbary* horse, you'll have your nephews
weigh to you, you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets
for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with
two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,
if't be your pleasure and most wise consent,

(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter

'Be at' this odd even and dull watch o'th' night

Transported with no worse nor better guard,

But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor;

If this be known to you, and your allowance,

We then have done you bold and sawcy wrongs:

But if you know not this, my manners tell me,

We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe

That from the sense of all civility

I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.

Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,

I say again, hath made a gross revolt,

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes

To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,

Of here and every where; straight satisfie your self.

If she be in her chamber, or your house,

Let loose on me the justice of the state

For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper——call up all my people,——

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light!

[*Exit Bra. from above.*

Iago.

444 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus* wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you may find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So farewel. [Exit

S C E N E III.

Enter Brabantio in his night-gown, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time,
Is nought but bitterness. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didst thou see her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, said'st thou! who would be a father?
How didst thou know 'twas she? oh she deceives me
Past thought — What said she to you? get more tapers —
Raise all my kindred — are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly I think they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat she out?
Oh treason of my blood!
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of some such thing?

7 may surely find

Rod.

Othello, the Moor of Venice. 445

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brothers; oh would you had had her!
Some one way, some another — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll call,
I may command at most; get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of might:
On, good Rodorigo, I'll deserve your pains. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Another Street before the Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. **T**H O' in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'th' conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. — Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. It's better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you fast married? for be sure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the Signory,

Shall

446 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
From men of royal siege; and my demerits
May speak, 'e'en bonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder

S C E N E V.

Enter Cassio with torches.

Iago. Those are the raised father, and his friends,
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found.
My 'part, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant?
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The Duke does greet you, General,
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels:
And many of the 'counsel, rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

8 unbonnetted, or and bonnetted,
1 consuls, or couns'lers,

9 parts,

2 cur

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 447

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you :
will but spend a word here in the house,
and go with you.

[Exit Othello.]

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack ;
if it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry to —— Come, captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and torches.

Iago. It is Brabantio ; General, be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla ! stand there.

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief. [They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Rodorigo ! come, Sir, I am for you ——

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust 'em.
Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

[daughter ?]

Bra. O thou foul thief ! where hast thou stow'd my
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magick were not bound ;
Whether a maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthiest 'cull'd' darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t' incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the footy bosom

Of

448 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That 'waken' motion: I'll have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison, 'till
Fit time of law, and course of direct session
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to 'him?

Off. True, most worthy signior,
The Duke's in council, and your noble self
I'm sure is sent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. *[Exeunt]*

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SCENE

Duke

Duke.

1 Sen.

My letter

Duke.

2 Sen.

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Duke.

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SCENE VII.

The Senate house.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and Attendants.

Duke. **T**HERE is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet they all confirm
A *Turkish* fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.

Sailor within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now! — what's the business?

Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the state.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it,

448 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Of such a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
'That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
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Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
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By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze; when we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,

450 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due course toward the isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet —

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought; how many, as you guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-sterm
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:

Marcus Luccicos, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in *Florence*.

Duke. Write from us, to him.

Post-haste, dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

S C E N E VIII.

To them, Enter *Brabantio*, *Othello*, *Cassio*, *Iago*,
Rodorigo, and *Officers*.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the general enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior, [*To Brabantio*.]
We lackt your counsel, and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace pardon me,

Neither

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 451

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still it self.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter! —

Sen. Dead?

Bra. To me ;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witchcraft could not —

Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall your self read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now it seems
Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very sorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters ;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;

F f 2

And

452 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at it self; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on —
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect,
That will confess + 'affection' so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Sen. 'Othello,' speak,
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I beseech you,
Send, for the Lady, to the *Sagittary*,
And let her speak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence

4 Perfection . . . old edit. *Theob.* emend.

5 But, *Othello*,

Even

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 453

Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

[Exit Iago.

And 'till she come, as truly as to heav'n

I do confess the vices of my blood,

So justly to your grave ears I'll present

How I did thrive in this fair Lady's love,

And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;

Still question'd me the story of my life,

From year to year; the battels, sieges, fortunes,

That I have past.

I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,

To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:

Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,

Of moving accidents by flood and field;

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,

And with it all my travel's history:

Wherein of antres vast, and desarts wild,

Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,

It was my hint to speak. ^a All these to hear,

Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour up my discourse: which I observing,

Took once a pliant hour, and found good means

To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,

That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,

F f 3

Whereof

(a) It was my hint to speak; such was the process;

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,

The *Anthropophagi*; and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. These to hear,

Would *Desdemona*, &c.

454 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively : I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
 She wish'd she had not heard it, — yet she wish'd
 That heav'n had made her such a man——she thank'd me,
 And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them :
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
 Here comes the Lady, let her witness it.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too—
 Good *Brabantio*,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best.
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man ! Come hither, gentle mistress,
 Do you perceive in all this noble company,
 Where you most owe obedience ?

Des. Noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty ;
 To you I'm bound for life and education :
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you. You're the lord of duty,
 I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband,

And

And so
 To you,
 So much
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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 455

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with my heart
I would keep from thee. ⁶'And for' your sake, jewel,
I'm glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.

Duke. ⁷'Let me now speak more like your self; and lay
A sentence in, which, like a grise or step,
May help these ⁸'lovers here into' your favour.
*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended;
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.*

Bra. So, let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing ⁹'cares'
¹'For the false comforts' which from thence he bears;
But he ²'beaps' both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was ³'pieced' through the ear.

F f 4 I

6 For 7 Let me speak like your self; and lay a sentence.
8 lovers into 9 bears 1 But the free comfort 2 bears.
3 pierced. . . old edit. Warb. emend.

456 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

I humbly beseech you proceed to th' affairs of state.

Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safe voice on you; you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators, Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize A natural and prompt alacrity I find in hardness; and do undertake This present war against the *Ottomites*. Most humbly therefore bending to your state, I crave fit disposition for my wife, Due reverence of place and exhibition, With such accommodation and besort As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor would I there reside, To put my father in impatient thoughts By being in his eye. Most gracious Duke, To my unfolding lend your gracious ear, And let me find a charter in your voice T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him, My down-right violence and storm of fortunes May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd Ev'n to the very quality of my lord; I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind, And to his honours and his valiant parts Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate. So that, dear Lords, if I be left behind, A moth of peace, and he go to the war,

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 457

The rites for which I love him are bereft me:

And I a heavy interim shall support

By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, Lords; beseech you, let her will

Have a free way. I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite;

Nor to comply with heat ⁴ affects the young,

In my ⁵ distinct and proper satisfaction;

But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

And heav'n defend your good souls, that you think

I will your serious and great business scant

For she is with me——No, when light-wing'd toys

Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulness

My speculative and offic'd instruments,

That my disports corrupt and taint my business;

Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,

And all indign and base adversities

Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,

Or for her stay or going; th' affair cries haste,

And speed must answer. You must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my Lord, to-night?

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;

And such things else of quality and respect

As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient;

(A man he is of honesty and trust,)

To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good Grace shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so;

Good-night to every one. And, noble Signior,

If virtue no ⁶ delighting beauty lack,

Your

⁴ the young affects,

⁶ delighted

⁵ defunct . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

458 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, use *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee. [Exit]

Oth. My life upon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the best advantage.
Come, *Desdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter, and direction
To speak with thee. We must obey the time. [Exeunt]

S C E N E X.

Manent Rodorigo and *Iago*.

Rod. *Iago*!

Iago. What sayest thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my self.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why
thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is filliness to live, when to live is a torment
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our
physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for
four times seven years, and since I could distinguish be-
twixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that
knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would
drown my self for the love of a *Guiney*-hen, I would change
my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be
so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus
or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our
wills are gardeners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow
lettice; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with
one

(a) *The*
grim wi

(b) *J.*
salubris e

7 feet

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*. 459

one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the ballance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love, to be a 'tisip' or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy self? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profest me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou these wars, ^a defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that *Desdemona* should long continue her love to the Moor — put money in thy purse — nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration, — but put money in thy purse. — These Moors are changeable in their wills; — fill thy purse with money. The food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, ^b shall shortly be as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth; when she is fated with his body, she will find the errors of her choice — Therefore put money in thy purse — If thou wilt needs damn thy self, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an ^a'arrant' *Barbarian* and a super-subtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy self! it is clean out

(a) *That is, disgrace thy features and make thy fair countenance grim with a false beard.* Warburton.

(b) *J. Ludolfus speaking of the Locust saith. suavis valde nec non salubris est cibus. Hist. Æthiop. lib. 1. c. 13.*

460 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

out of the way. - Seek thou rather to be hang'd in coming
passing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the
issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. — Go, make money. —
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again
I hate the Moor. My cause is hearted; thine hath no
less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against
him. If thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thy self a plea-
sure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of
time, which will be delivered. Traverse, go, provide
thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow.
Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Do you hear, *Rodorigo*?
No more of drowning.

Rod. I'll sell all my land.

[Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I should time expend with such a swain,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office. I know not if't be true —
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well —
The better shall my purpose work on him;
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; —
To get his place, and to plume up my will,
A double knavery — How? how? let's see —
After some time, t' abuse *Othello's* ears,
That he is too familiar with his wife —

He

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 461

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are:

have't—it is ingendred—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital City of Cyprus.

Enter Montano Governor of Cyprus, and two Gentlemen.

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
I cannot 'twixt the heavens and the main [flood;
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet

Be

462 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd :
It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, Lords, our wars are done ;
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their Designment halts. 'A ship' of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in ;
A *Veronessa* ; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore ; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't ; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 *Gent.* But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of com-
Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly, [for
And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be :

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the main and th'aerial blue
And indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so ;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor : oh let the heav'ns

9 a noble ship

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 463

Give him defence against the elements!

Or I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

of very expert and approv'd allowance;

therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

and in bold cure.

Within.] A fail, a fail, a fail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea

and ranks of people, and they cry a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie:

our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,

and give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[Exit.

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath archiev'd a maid

that paragon's description and wild fame:

One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,

and in th' essential vesture of creation

Do's bear all excellency——

S C E N E IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now; who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,

Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,) —

As having sense of beauty, do omit

Their mortal natures, letting safe go by

The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain:

Left

464 O T H E L L O, *the Moor of Venice.*

Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A fe'nnight's speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath!
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort —

S C E N E V.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees
Hail to thee, Lady! and the grace of heav'n
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What ridings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O but I fear — how lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship. But hark, a sail!

Within.] A sail, a sail!

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, mistress.

[*To Æmilia*
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding [*Saluting her*
That gives me this bold shew of courtesie.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 465

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep ;
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, 'housewives' in your beds.

Des. Oh fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

[praise me?

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst

Iago. Oh gentle Lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

[bour—

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the har-

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise ;
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks
out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she is
delivered.

*If she be fare and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.*

Des. Well prais'd ; how if she be black and witty ?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that shall her blackness fit.*

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

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G g

Iago.

and housewives.

466 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. *She never yet was foolish that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.*

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fool
laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for
her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.*

Des. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving
woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merit
did justly put on the vouch of very malice it self?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever such wight were)—*

Des. To do what?

Iago. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*

Des. Oh most lame and impotent conclusion! do not
learn of him, Emilia, tho' he be thy husband. How
say you, Cassio, is he not a most profane and² illiberal
censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam, you may relish him
more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, we
said—whisper—With as little a web as this, will I en-
snare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do—

I will
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excellen
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for you
The M

Cas.

Des.

Cas.

Oth.

Des.

Oth.

To see
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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 467

I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so indeed — If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good — well kiss'd and excellent curtesie — 'tis so indeed — Yet again — your fingers to your lips: would they were chister-pipes for your sake! [Trumpet.]

The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Caf. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caf. Lo, where he comes!

S C E N E VI.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello*!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. My soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heav'ns forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this and this the greatest discords be [Kissing her.]
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. You are well tun'd now;

3 Oh, you

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468 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

But I'll let down the pegs that make this musick,
As honest as I am. [Aside.

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

S C E N E VII.

Manent Iago and Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come
thither, if thou be'st valiant; as they say, base men be-
ing in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more
than is native to them — list me; the lieutenant to-night
watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee
this: *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be in-
structed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd
the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy
discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what
delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the
blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,
again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite,
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and
beauties: all which the Moor is defective in. Now for
want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tender-
ness will find it self abus'd; begin to heave the gorge,
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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 469

disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection; a slippery and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never present it self. A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A pestilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, she's full of most blest'd condition.

Iago. Blest'd figs end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes. If she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: blest'd pudding! didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust, and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, *Rodorigo*! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, th' incorporate conclusion: pish! — But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Cassio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler: and bappily may strike at you. Provoke him that he may;

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for even out of that will I cause those of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them: and the impediments most profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [Exit.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Cassio* loves her, I do well believe:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he'll prove to *Desdemona*
A most dear husband: Now I love her too,
Not out of absolute lust, (though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leapt into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or shall content my soul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on;
I'll have our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the ⁴ 'rank' garb,

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 471

(For I fear *Cassio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here ——— but yet confus'd ;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [Exit.

S C E N E IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald, with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello's* pleasure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkish* fleet, every man put himself into triumph : Some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his mind leads him. For besides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell have toll'd eleven.

Bless the isle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello* !

[Exit.

S C E N E X.

The CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to-night.
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. *Iago* hath direction what to do :
But notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

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Oth.

472 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Oth. Iago is most honest:
Michael, good night. To-morrow with your earliest
 Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love,
 The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
 That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
 Good night. [Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'clock.
 Our General cast us thus early for the love of his
Desdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath
 not yet made the wanton night with her: and she is sport
 for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite Lady.

Iago. And I'll warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley
 to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! come, lieutenant,
 I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of
Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the
 health of black *Othello*.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and
 unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesie
 would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup; I'll
 drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was
 craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes
 here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not
 task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants
 desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 473

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. —
Now my sick fool, *Roderigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to-night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike Isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my deem,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

S C E N E XI.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n they have given me a rouse already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not past a pint, as I
am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago sings.

And let me the canakin s'clink, clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink.

A soldier's a Man; ob Man's life's but a span,

Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Cas. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England*: where indeed they are
most potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and
your swag-belly'd *Hollander*—drink, ho! — are no-
thing to your *English*.

Cas. Is your *Englishman* so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago.

5 clink, clink,

474 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He sweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Cas. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant: and I'll do you justice.

Iago. Oh sweet *England*!

King Stephen was and-a-worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor down:

He was a weight of high renown.

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

And take thy old cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. Well——Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our sins—gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk.

[Exit.]

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 471

SCENE XII.

Manent Iago and Montano.

Mont. To the platform, masters, come, let's see the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;
He is a soldier, fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And give direction. And do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a just equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep.
He'll watch the horologue a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*!
I pray you after the lieutenant, go! [*Exit Rodorigo.*]

Mont. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island;
I do love *Cassio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noise?
[*Within, help! help!*]

Re-

476 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Re-enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! —

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty? I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me —

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him]

I pray you, Sir; hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the muzzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? — [They fight]

Iago. Away I say, go out and cry a mutiny.

[Exit Rodorigo]

Nay, good lieutenant—Alas, gentlemen—

Help, ho! — Lieutenant — Sir, *Montano* —

Help, masters! here's a goodly watch indeed —

Who's that who rings the bell? — diablo, ho! [Bell rings]

The town will rise. Fie, fie, lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant — Sir — *Montano* —

Gentlemen —

Have you forgot all ⁶ 'sense of place' and duty?

The General speaks to you — hold, hold, for shame —

Oth. Why how now, ho? from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to our selves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl;

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

⁶ place of fence

Holds

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 477

Holds his foul light: he dies upon his motion.

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety. What is the matter?

Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak: who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom

Divesting them for bed; and then, but now——

As if some planet had unwitting men,

Words out, and tilting one at other's breasts,

In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds,

And would in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted; and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure. What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer *Iago* can inform you,

While I spare speech, which something now offends me)

Of all that I do know; nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night,

Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selves it be a sin,

When violence affails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule,

And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,

Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began; who set it on;

And

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And he that is approv'd in his offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. 7 What, and in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*;
Yet I perswade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursue;
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to-night
I ne'er might say before, When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

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Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio. Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter?

Oth. All is well, sweeting; come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIV.

Manent Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost
my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of my self,
and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my
reputation —

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought you had
received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that
than in reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you
repute your self such a loser. What, man — there are
ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast
in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice,
even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an
impious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so
good

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good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk and speak? parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise my self.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befall'n: but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! — Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may say so, in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 481

to the contemplation, mark, and ^s 'denotement' of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago*. [Exit *Cassio*.]

S C E N E XV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says I play the villain? When this advice is free I give, and honest, Likely to thinking, and indeed the course To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, His soul is so enfetter'd to her love That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the God With his weak function. Am I then a villain, To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course, Directly to his good? 'Tis hell's divinity:

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H h

When

^s devotement . . . old edit. *Theob. emend.*

482 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,
As I do now. For while this honest fool
Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all. How now, *Rod'rigo*?

S C E N E XVI.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I follow here in the chace, not like a hound that
hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost
spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled
and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much ex-
perience for my pains; and so with no money at all, and
a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*.
Tho' other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first, 'are not first ripe:
Content thy self a while. In troth, 'tis morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rodorigo*]
Two things are to be done;
My wife must move for *Cassio* to her mistress:

9 will first be ripe:

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 483

I'll set her on; 'so' draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not device, by coldness and delay. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Othello's Palace.

Enter Cassio, and Musicians.

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow,
General.

[Musick plays, and enter Clown from the House.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tale?

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir.

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind instrument that
I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the
General so likes your musick, that he desires you for love's
sake to make no noise with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any musick that may not be heard,
to't again. But, as they say, to hear musick, the Gene-
ral does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, 'and
bye' away. Go, vanish into air, away! [Exeunt Mus.

H h 2

Cas.

I to

2 for I'll

484 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the General's wife be stirring, tell her there's one *Cassio* entreats of her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, Sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit Clown.]

Cas. Do, my good friend.

To him enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold to send in to your wife; My suit is, that she will to *Desdemona* Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her presently:
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

To him enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you: but ³ 'he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,

³ he protests he loves you.

O T

Give me a
With *Des*

Æmil.

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To speak

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Iago.

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 485

Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Caf. I'm much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. My good Lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. **B**E thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf. [band]

Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know it grieves my hus-
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my Lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Caf. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know't, I thank you; you do love my Lord,
You've known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off

H h 3

Than

486 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Than in a politick distance.

Cas. Ay, but, Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supply'd,
My General will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article. My Lord 'shan't rest,
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suit: therefore be merry, *Cassio*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at ease:
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion.

[*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. Hah! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if ——— I know not what.

Oth. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? no sure, I cannot think it.
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my Lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,

4 shall never

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 487

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I pr'ythee call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. In sooth, so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet *Desdemona*; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. Sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. Not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then to-morrow night, or *Tuesday* morn,
Or *Tuesday* noon, or night, or *Wednesday* morn.

I pr'ythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that they say the wars must make example

Out of their best) is not almost a fault

T' incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me, that I would deny,

Or stand so mamm'ring on. What? *Michael Cassio*! —

That came a wooing with you, and many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? trust me, I could do much —

Oth. Pr'ythee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

H h 4

Des.

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Des. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing meats, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my Lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Desdemona*, I'll come straight.

Des. *Æmilia*, come; be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. Excellent 'wench! ^a perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble Lord!

Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did from first to last; why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it,

Iago.

(a) *The word Wench heretofore carried in it a sense no ways scornful or disparaging, such as modern times have annex'd to it; It signified a young woman, often an amiable woman, so that some have thought it a corruption only from the word Venus. In the play of Antony and Cleopatra Act 2. Sc. 3. it is thus used: Cleopatra is called, Royal Wench! and in this Play again Act 5. Sc. 9. O ill starr'd Wench! So in Fletcher's Bloody Brother Rollo in the midst of his most passionate and respectful addresses to Edith calls her Wench. Act 5. Sc. 2.*

5 wretch . . . old edit. Theob. emend.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 489

Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught of that?
Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord!

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My Lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my Lord? ———

[me;

Oth. Think, my Lord! why, by heav'n, thou echo'st
As if there were some monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now, thou lik'dst not that, ———

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,

In my whole course of wooing; thou cry'dst, *indeed?*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I love you,

Oth. I think thou dost:

And for I know thou'rt full ⁶ of honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,

They're ⁷ 'distillations' working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworn, I think, that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem.

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then I think *Cassio's* an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;

I pray

⁶ of love and honesty,

⁷ cold dilations or close denotements

490 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst
Of thoughts the worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts! — Why, say they're vile and false,
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
'Cause I perchance am vicious in my guess:
As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not; I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Your wisdom would not build your self a trouble
Out of my scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts —

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*, 491

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealousy:
It is a green-ey'd monster, which doth⁹ 'make'
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. Oh misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy?
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt is
'At once' to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such² 'exsuffolate' and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love, ³ 'and' jealousy.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*,
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature

Out

492 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Go to then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak —
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you're mov'd —
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my Lord,
My speech would fall into such vile success,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Cassio's* my worthy friend.
My Lord, I see you're mov'd —

Oth. No, not much mov'd —
I do not think but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it self —

Iago. Ay, there's the point; — as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends:

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 493

Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural.

But, pardon me, I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, tho' I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply so repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell;
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' observe. Leave me, *Iago.*

Iago. My Lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry? —
This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees, and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honour
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his place,
For sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you please to put him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busie in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off; and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,

And

494 O T H E L L O, *the Moor of Venice.*

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much —
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her, Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. *Desdemona comes:*

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, oh then heav'n mocks it self:
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[She drops her handkerchief.]

Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Manet Emilia.

Emil. I am glad I have found this ⁴ napkin here:
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;

⁴ napkin:

My

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 495

My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it. But she so loves the token,
For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I will have the work
Ta'en out, and give it to *Iago*, but
What he'll do with it, heav'n knows, not I:
Nothing, but to please his fantasie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. You have a thing for me?

It is a common thing —

Æmil. Ha?

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Æmil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Æmil. No; but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench, give it me.

Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

Æmil. It'll be not for some purpose of import,
Give't me again. Poor Lady, she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have use for it. Go, leave me — [*Exit Æmilia.*]
I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong,

As

496 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poisons :
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so,

[*Observing Othello seemingly disturb'd*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowfie syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou 'ow'd'st\ yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! false to me !

Iago. Why, how now, General ? no more of that.

Oth. Avant, be gone ; thou'st set me on the rack.
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my Lord ?

Oth. What sense had I, in her stol'n hours of lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next night well ; was free and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips :
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind ! Farewel content !
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue ! oh farewell !
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,

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Iago.
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VOL.

OTHELLO, the Maor of Venice. 497

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And oh you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove's* dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello's* occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble Lord——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul? or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. Wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, fith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay—— thou should'st be honest——

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses what it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As *Dian's* visage, is now begrim'd and black

498 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure't. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, Sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, and will.

Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my Lord?
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep — there are a kind of men
So loose of soul, that in their sleeps will mutter
'All their' affairs: one of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say, *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry — *O sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots

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And grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kifs, and then
Cry, *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.*

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. This was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion;
Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that; but such a handkerchief,
(I'm sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that ———

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. Oh that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. — Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:

'Tis gone ———

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. O blood, blood, blood ———

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like the *Pontick* sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellepont*:
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace

500 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love;
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up — Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow, [He kneels,
I here engage my words —

Iago. Do not rise yet: [Iago kneels,
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* service. Let him command,
'Nor' to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio's* not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your request. But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! oh damn her, damn her!
Come go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Des. DO you know, sirrah, where lieutenant *Cassio* lyes
Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for me to say a soldier lies,
'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown.

Clown.
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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 501

Clown. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make questions, and 'bid' them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*]

Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the Sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be Call'd to him. How is it with you, my Lord?

S C E N E X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardness to dissemble! [*Aside.*]

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart: Hot, hot, and moist — this hand of yours requires

I i 3

3 by . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

502 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

A sequester from liberty ; fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels : 'tis a good hand,
9 'A very frank one.'

Des. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. 'The hands of old gave hearts ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this ; come now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck ?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not? ———

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief

Did an *Aegyptian* to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my father
Intirely to her love ; but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye ;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible ?

Oth. 'Tis true ; there's magick in the web of it ;
A *Sybill* that hath numbred in the world.

'Of the sun's' course two hundred compasses,

9 A frank one. 1 The hearts, of old, gave hands ; ... old edit. Warb. emend.
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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 503

In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the filk,
And it was dy'd in mummey, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would to heav'n, that I had never seen't!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' th' way?

Des. Bless us!—

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now:

This is a trick to put me from my suit,

Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief—my mind misgives—

Des. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchief—

Des. Insooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit Othello.*]

S C E N E XI.

Manent Desdemona and Emilia.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man:

They are but stomachs, and we all but food,

504 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

They eat us hungrily, and when they're full
They belch us. Look you! *Cassio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis she must do't;
And lo, the happiness! go and importune her.

Des. How now, good *Cassio*, what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That not my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again;
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice gentle *Cassio*.
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! you must a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the devil from his very arm
Pufft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

[Exit.
SCENE

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 505

S C E N E XII.

Manent Desdemona, Æmilia, and Cassio.

Des. I pr'ythee do so. Something sure of state,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made her demonstrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance always,
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was, unhandsome³ 'wrangler' as I am,
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think, and no conception
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause.
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monster
Begot upon it self, born on it self.

Des. Heav'n keep that monster from *Othello's* mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen!

Des. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek t'effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

[*Ex. Des. and Æmil.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you, friend *Cassio*.

Cas.

3 warrior . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

506. OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Cas. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Cassio*.
What? keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lover's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial, eightscore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!

Cas. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more convenient time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,

[Giving her Desdemona's Handkerchief]

Take me this work out.

Bian. *'Cassio,' whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is't come to this? well, well.

Cas. 'Well, go to,' woman;
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. 'Nor that you love me.'
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

4 Oh *Cassio*, 5 Go to, 6 But that you do not love me;

Cas.

Cas. 'T
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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 507

Caf. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A Room of State.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

I A G O.

WILL you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kifs in private?

Othel. An unauthoriz'd kifs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisie against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue⁷ tempts not, they tempt⁸ heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is⁸ 'proprietor' of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not.
But for the handkerchief——

Oth. By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it,
Thou saidst,—oh, it comes o'er my memory,

As

⁷ tempts, and they tempt . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

⁸ protectress . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

508 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boarding to all, — he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good now.

Iago. What if I said, I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say? as knaves be such abroad,
Who having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress
Convinc'd or 'suppl'd' them, 'then' cannot chuse
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my Lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. Why, that he did — I know not what he did —

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her! on her — what you will —

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's
fulsom: handkerchief — Confessions — Handkerchief —
I tremble at it — Nature would not invest her self in
such shadowing without some 'induction.' It is not
words that shake me thus — pish — Noses, ears, and
lips — is't possible! — confess! — handkerchief! —
Oh devil! — [Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Work on!

My medicine works. Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
All guiltless meet reproach. What ho! my Lord!
My Lord, I say, Othello.

S C E N E II.

Enter Cassio.

How now, Cassio?

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago.

9 supplied . . old edit. Theob. emend. 1 they
2 intiruction. . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice 509

Iago. My Lord is fall'n into an epileptic fit
This is the second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples:

Iago. No, forbear;
The lethargy must have his quiet course;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to savage madness: — look, he stirs!
Do you withdraw your self a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. *[Exit Cassio.]*

How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Oth. A horned man's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in those improper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar. Your case
Is better: oh, it is the spight of hell,
The fiend's arch-mock, to lip a wanton in
A secure couch, and to suppose her chaste.
No, let me know, and knowing what I am
I know what she shall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wise:
'Tis certain.

Iago. Stand 'you now a while apart,
Confine your self but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)
Cassio came hither. I shifted him away.

And laid good 'scuses on your ecstasie;
Bad him anon return, and here speak with me;

The
8 you a while

510 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

The which he promis'd. Do but enslave your self,
And mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A huswife, that by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes.

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you gave me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [Speaking lower.
How quickly should you speed!

Cas. Alas, poor wretch!

Oth. Look how he laughs already.

Iago. I never knew a woman love a man so:

Cas.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 511

Caf. Alas, poor rogue, I think indeed she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go so, well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.

Do you intend it?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Caf. I marry! — What? a customer? pr'ythee bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholsome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, so: they laugh that win.

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Caf. Pr'ythee say true.

Iago. I am 'a villain' else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me? well.

Caf. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the story.

Caf. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck —

Oth. Crying, oh dear Cassio, as it were: his gesture imports it.

Caf. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha —

Oth. Now he tells how she pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Caf. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look where she comes.

SCENE

4 a very villain

512 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:—
What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! what did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I must take out the work: a likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work: there give it your hobby-horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet *Bianca*? how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that should be my handkerchief.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. I must, she'll rail in the streets else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee come, will you?

Iago. Go to, say no more.

[*Exit Cassio.*

S C E N E V.

Manent Othello and Iago.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*! —

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife — She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 513

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:

A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! —

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter creature — She might lye by an Emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is — so delicate with her needle — An admirable musician. Oh, she will sing the savageness out of a bear: of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle condition! —

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, Iago — Oh, Iago, the pity of it, Iago —

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes; cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago, this night. I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again: this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight. [A trumpet within.]

Oth. Excellent good: — what trumpet is that same?

Iago. 'I warrant you 'tis something come from Venice.

VOL. VI.

K k

SCENE

Something from Venice, sure.

514 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. 'Oh! it is *Lodovico* from the Duke:

And see, your wife is with him.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy General:

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke ⁶ 'and senators' of *Venice* greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Oth. I kiss the instrument ⁷ 'of their good pleasures.'

Des. And what's the news, good cousin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my Lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord!

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will* — [Reading.]

Lod. He did not call; he's busie in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my Lord and *Cassio*?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much

T'atone them, for the love I bear to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mov'd him.

For as I think they do command him home,

Deputing *Cassio* in his government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet *Othello*?

Oth.

⁵ 'Tis *Lodovico* come from the Duke;
⁷ of their pleasures.

⁶ and the senators

Oth.

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Lod.

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 515

Oth. Devil!

[Striking her.]

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't. 'Tis very much ;
Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :

Out of my sight —

Des. I will not stay t' offend you.

[Going.]

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady :

I do beseech your Lordship call her back.

Oth. Mistress!

Des. My Lord!

Oth. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who, I, my Lord?

Oth. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn :

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep ;

And she's obedient : as you say, obedient ;

Very obedient — proceed you in your tears —

Concerning this, Sir, — oh well painted passion! —

I am commanded home — get you away,

I'll send for you anon — Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice — Hence, avant! — [Exit Des.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night

I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus —

Goats and Monkies !

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Manent Lodovico, and Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient? this the nature
Which passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident or dart of chance

K k 2

Could

516 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Could neither 'raze' nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heav'n he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letter's work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm sorry that I 'was' deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello and Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have seen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen *Cassio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whisper?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Never, my Lord.

Oth.

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 517

Oth. That's strange!

Æmil. I durst, my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the serpent's curse!
For if she be not honest, chaste and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit Æmilia.*
She says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle 'one,
A closet lock and key of villainous secrets;
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Desdemona and Æmilia.

Des. My Lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your Eyes; look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress, [*To Æmilia.*
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door,
Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.
Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch. [*Exit Æmilia.*

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my Lord; your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thy self; lest being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heav'n truly knows,

K k 3

That

i whore,

518 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

That thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my Lord?

With whom? how am I false?

Oth. Ah, *Desdemona*, away, away, away ———

Des. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my Lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n

To try me with affliction, had² 'it' rain'd

All kind of fores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at ———

Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.

But there where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live, or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in: turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;

³ 'There, there' look grim as hell.

Des. I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh ay, as summer-flies are in the shambles,

That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense akes at thee ———

Would thou had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What, what committed?

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 519

Committed? oh, thou publick commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did ⁴ I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear't. ⁵ 'Committed?' — impudent strumpet!

Des. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my Lord
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is't possible?

Des. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.

I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello* —

S C E N E X.

Enter Æmilia.

⁶ 'Come you, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course, there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, Madam? how do you, my good Lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Æmil. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?

Des. 'With whom, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam.

Des. Who is thy Lord?

Kk 4

Æmil.

4 but I 5 What committed? 6 You, mistress, 7 With whom?

520 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*.

Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Des. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pray, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember:
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion of my least misuse?

S C E N E XI.

Enter Iago and Æmilia:

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam? how is't with you?

Des. I cannot tell; those that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easie tasks;
He might have chid me so: for in good, faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, Lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, fair Lady?

Des. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas the day!

Æmil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for't: how comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 521

Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander : I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heav'n pardon him !

Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that such companion thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the east to th' west !

Iago. Speak within door.

Æmil. Oh fie upon 'him ! Some such 'squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. Alas, *Iago*,
What shall I do to win my Lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel ; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse, or thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them on any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't say *whore*,
It does abhor me now I speak the word ;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content ; 'tis but his humour ;

The

522 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other ———

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

Hark how these instruments summon to supper! [*Trumpet.*
The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

S C E N E XII.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from
me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least ad-
vantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perswaded to put up in peace what already I have
foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and
performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have wasted my self
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to
deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Vo-
tarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and
return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect
and acquittance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well? go to? I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis
not very well; nay, I think it is scurvy; and begin to
find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my
self known to *Desdemona*: If she will return me my jewels,
I will

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 523

I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure your self I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but I protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpose, courage, and valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona* return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unless his abode be lingred here by some accident: wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello's* place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do your self a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your attempt,

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tempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time; and the night grows to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Æmilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, Sir, trouble your self no further.

Oth. Oh pardon; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Des. Your Honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Desdemona!* —

[*Ex. Lod. &c.*]

Des. My Lord!

Oth. Get you to bed on th' instant, I will be return'd forthwith; dismiss your attendant there; look't be done.

[*Exit.*]

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent, And hath commanded me to go to bed, And bid me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Æmilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him, That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns, (Pr'ythee unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good father! how foolish are our minds!

If

OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 525

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of *willow*:
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
'Not' to go hang my head all 'on' one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pry'thee dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd
bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor soul sat singing by a *sycamore tree*, [Singing.

Sing all a green willow:

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow.

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soft'ned the stones;

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow. (Pr'ythee hie thee, he'll come anon.)

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let no body blame him; his scorn I approve.

Nay that's not next — Hark, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good-night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

9 But 1 at

Æmil.

526 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men! Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*, That there be women do abuse their husbands, In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither by this heav'nly light, I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing; it is a great price, for a small vice.

Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.

Æmil. In troth I think I should, and 'unswear't' when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world! why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.

But I do think it is their husbands faults,
If wives do fall: say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint on us; or say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,

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I think i
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Iago. I
Rod. I
Yet he ha
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And he g
Or *Cassio*

3

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 527

Their wives have sense like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it sport?
I think it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good-night; good-night; heav'n me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago and Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, stand behind this bulk. Straight will he
come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me satisfying reasons;
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes and stands apart.*]

Iago. I've rubb'd this young 'quab' almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,

Every

3 gnat or knot

528 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to *Desdemona*.
 It must not be. If *Cassio* do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life,
 That makes me ugly; and besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in peril;
 No, he must die. Be it so; I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou diest.

[He runs at Cassio and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st:
 I will make proof of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am slain.

[Fight, and both fall.]

Cas. I'm maim'd for ever; help, ho! murther, murther!

[Iago behind cuts Cassio on the leg, and Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Othello above at a Window.

Oth. The voice of *Cassio*; *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh villain that I am!

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. Oh help, ho! light! a surgeon! —

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong,
 Thou teachest me — Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your fate hies apace. Strumpet, I come:
 From off my heart those charms thine eyes have blotted:
 Thy bed lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther, murther!

Gra.

Gra. 'T

Cas. O

Lod. H

Rod. C

Lod. T

These ma

To come

Rod. M

Enter

Lod. F

Gra. F

Iago. V

Lod. V

Iago. I

Cas. H

Iago. V

Gra. T

Lod. T

Iago. I

Cas. I

Give me

Iago. C

Cas. I

And can

Iago. C

What an

Rod. C

Cas. T

Iago. I

Rod. I

Iago. I

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Lod. I

Iago. I

Lod. I

Iago. I

Gra.

Vol.

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 529

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direful.

Cas. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, in his shirt, with a Light and Sword.

Lod. Hark.

[weapons.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries out

Lod. We do not know.

[murther?

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here: for heav'n's sake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. *Iago?* oh I'm spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in and give some help.

Rod. Oh help me there.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. Oh murd'rous slave! oh villain! [*Iago stabs him.*

Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog! [*Dies.*

Iago. Kill men i'th'dark? where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! ho, murther! murther!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*

Lod. He, Sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by villains.

VOL. VI.

L1

Gra.

530 O T H E L L O, *the Moor of Venice.*

Gra. *Cassio*?

Iago. How is't, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry heav'n forbid:

Light, Gentlemen, I'll bind it with my shirt.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd!

Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*, oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Oh notable strumpet! *Cassio*, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus:

I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair,
To bear him easily hence.

Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good *Cassio*, come, come:

Lend me a light: know we this face, or no?

Alas, my friend, and my dear country-man

Rodorigo? no: yes sure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

Gra. What, of *Venice*?

Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, *Cassio*? oh a chair, a chair.

Gra. *Rodorigo*?

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well said, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,

I'll

O T

I'll fetch

Save you

Was my

Cas. M

Iago.

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Bian.

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Æmil.

Iago.

Come,

Æmilia.

And tell

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 531

I'll fetch the General's surgeon. For you, mistress,
Save you your labour. He that lyes ⁴ 'slain here,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—oh bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the gashness of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon. [*To Bianca.*
Behold her well, I pray you look upon her,
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness
Will speak, though tongues were out of use.

S C E N E V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, husband?

Iago. *Cassio* hath here been set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* dead.

Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Cassio*!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Cassio* where he sapt to-night.
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He sapt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago. Oh did he so? I charge you go with me.

Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet, but of life 'as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's see poor *Cassio* drest.
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.

Æmilia, run to the citadel,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? — this is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

⁴ slain here, *Cassio*,

L 1 2

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A Bed-Chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light, and a Sword.

Oth. IT is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

[Lays down the sword.]

And smooth as monumental alabaster:
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light: and then — put out *thy* light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy light re-lumine.

[Sets down the Candle, not putting it out.]

When I have pluck'd ⁶ the rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither — I'll smell thee on the tree;

[Kissing her.]

Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after — One more, that's the last,
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly,
It strikes, where it doth love — She wakes —

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

5 Put out the light, and, then, put out the light.

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 533

Oth. If you bethink your self of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, heav'ns fore-fend, I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum.

Des. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They're loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural; 'what! kill for loving!

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still.

Des. I will so: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief

Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio*.

Des. No, by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. 'Yes, presently.'

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,

L1 3

Cannot

7 that kills.

8 Presently:

534 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen!

Des. And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confest.

Des. What, my Lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee —

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear⁹ interprets. Oh! what, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I'm undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet.

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive —

Des. But half an hour^a — but while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

[*Smother's ber.*
SCENE E.

(a) *Des.* But half an hour —

Oth. Being done, there is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

⁹ interprets then — What, I I

OTHELLO

Æmil. M

Oth. Wh

that am c

would no

So, so.

Æmil. V

Oth. Wh

Æmil. C

Oth. Ye

Tis like sh

The noise

Still as the

I think she

If she com

My wife!

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Æmil.

That I m

Oth. I

Soft, by a

Where ar

Æmil.

Oth. V

Æmil.

Oth. I

She com

And ma

Æmil.

A young

S C E N E VII.

Æmilia at the door.

[my Lord!

Æmil. My Lord! my Lord! what hoa! my Lord,

Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?

that am cruel, am yet merciful,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Æmil. What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

[you.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia* — by and by — she's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death;

The noise was high. Ha, no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good?

I think she stirs again. — No — what's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration —

Æmil. I beseech you

That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord! —

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh come in, *Æmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.

Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the door.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonder's foul murthers done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon,

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,

And makes men mad.

Æmil. *Cassio*, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young *Venetian*, call'd *Roderigo*.

L 14

Oth.

536 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Oth. Rodorigo kill'd ? and Cassio kill'd ?

Æmil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd ? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. Oh falsely, falsely murther'd !

Æmil. Alas ! what cry is that ?

Oth. That ? what ?

Æmil. Out and alas, that was my Lady's voice.
Help ! help, ho ! help ! oh Lady, speak again ;
Sweet Desdemona, oh sweet mistress, speak.

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed ?

Des. No body, I my self, farewell ;
Commend me to my kind Lord ; oh farewell !

[Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd ?

Æmil. Alas ! who knows ?

Oth. You heard her say her self, it was not I.

Æmil. She said so, I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.

[devil.]

Æmil. Oh the more angel she, and you the blacker

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Æmil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heav'nly true.

Oth. Cassio did tup her ; ask thy husband else.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell.
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth. Thy husband.

Æmil. That she was false to wedlock ?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio : had she been true,
If heav'n would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Æmil. My husband !

Oth.

Oth.

An hone

That stic

Æmil.

Oth.

I say thy

Æmil.

My husb

Oth.

I say thy

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I know

Speak,

OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 537

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first ;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I say thy husband.

Æmil. Oh mistress! villainy has made mocks with love.
My husband say she was false!

Oth. He, woman ;
I say thy husband ; dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.

Æmil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day ! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!

Æmil. Do thy worst :
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Æmil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to ² 'bear' hurt : oh gull ! oh dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ; thou'st done a deed ———
I care not for thy sword, I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives — Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther, murther !

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter ? how now, General ?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago* ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Æmil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false :
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago.

538 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

Iago. I told him what I thought ; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie ; an odious damned lie :
Upon my soul, a lie ; a wicked lie.

She false with *Cassio* ? did you say with *Cassio* ?

Iago. With *Cassio*, mistress ; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue ; I'm bound to speak ;
My mistress lyes here murther'd in her bed. ^a

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh ! oh ! oh ! [Othello falls on the bed.

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar :
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh she was foul !

I scarce did know you, uncle ; there lyes your niece,

[Rising.

Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stop'd ;
I know this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Desdemona* ! I'm glad thy father's dead :
Thy match was mortal to him ; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desp'rate turn ;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth.

(a) ——— murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heav'ns forefend !

Æmil. And your reports have set the murther on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters, it is true indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. Oh monstrous act !

Æmil. Villainy ! villainy ! villainy !

I think upon't — I think — I smell't — Oh villainy !
I thought so then ; I'll kill my self for grief ;
Oh Villainy, villainy ?

Iago. What, are you mad, &c,

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed. Cassio confest it,
And she did gratifie his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave; I saw it in his hand:
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out — I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise and get you home.

Æmil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab his Wife:

Gra. Fie, your sword upon a woman?

Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Æmil. She give it Cassio? alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[Iago breaks through and wounds his Wife, then runs out.

Oth. Are there no stones in heav'n,
But what serve for the thunder? precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure he hath kill'd his wife.

Æmil. Ay, ay; oh lay me by my mistress' side.

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come,

540 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice.

Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*]

SCENE IX.

Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
By why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy song boad, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in musick; *Willow, Willow, Willow* —
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to blifs, as I speak true!
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Æmilia dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the ^a *Ebro's* temper;
Oh here it is: uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. *within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did it self sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here

(a) In the first edition it is *Isebroke's* temper. Thence corrupted to *Ice-brooks*. *Ebro's* temper: the waters of that river of Spain are particularly famous for tempering of steel. The finest arms in the world, the Catalonian *Fusces*. Pope.

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OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.* 541

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against *Othello's* breast,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now — how dost thou look now? oh ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Ev'n like thy chastity. Oh cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heav'nly light;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire —
Oh *Desdemona*! *Desdemona*! dead, dead! oh, oh!

S C E N E X.

*Enter Lodovico, Cassio led in wounded, Montano,
and Iago prisoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but that's a fable.

If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Othello wounds Iago.*]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. 4 'I bleed, but am not kill'd.'

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his villainy:

Did

3 I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

542 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice*

Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:

Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain *Rodorigo*,
And here another; one of them imports
The death of *Cassio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.

Oth. Oh villain!

Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too; and this it seems
Rodorigo meant t' have sent this damned villain;
But that belike *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfy'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Cassio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Rodorigo's* letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

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OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice. 543

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your pow'r and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
'Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* state. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I've done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extrem; of one whose hand,
Like the base 'Judean',^a threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the state,
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus. [Stabs himself.

Lod. Oh bloody period!

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee. No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.

Caf. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan*^b dog!

[To *Iago*.
More

(a) Meaning Herod who slew his wife Mariamne whom he passionately loved. Warburton.

(b) The Dogs of Spartan race were reckon'd among those of the most fierce and savage kind.

¹ Indian, . . . old edit. Warb. emend.

544 OTHELLO, *the Moor of Venice.*

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight, —
 Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed to you. To you, Lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain:
 The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
 My self will straight aboard, and to the state,
 This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [Exeunt,

The End of SHAKESPEAR's Plays.



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GLOSSARY

EXPLAINING

The obsolete and difficult WORDS in the
Plays of SHAKESPEAR.

Note. That when a Word is used but once, or in a Sense which is singular; the Volume and the Page are noted down, where the same is to be found.

And When a Word is not properly English, but borrowed from a foreign Language, and not familiarized by Use into our own; the Original Word in such foreign Language is set down.

A

TO ABY, (Vol. 1. 115.) to suffer for, to pay dear for.

To ACCITE, to call, to summon or send for. Lat. *Accire*.

To AFFEER, to confirm, to ascertain: A Law-term used in Court-Leets, and signifying to confirm or fix by Persons properly chosen the Mulcts there imposed upon such as have committed faults arbitrarily punishable, and which have no express penalty annexed to them by any Statute. Fr. *Affeurer*.

To AFFIE, to affiancé, to betroth; also, to confide.

To AFFRONT, to front, or confront, or face.

An AGLET, the Tag of a Lace, or of the Points formerly used as Ornaments in dress, and which (for the greater finery) were often cut in the shape of little Images. Fr. *Aiguillette*.

To AGNIZE, (Vol. 6. 456.) to acknowledge, to avow. Lat. *Agnoscere*.

A GOOD, (Vol. 1. 201.) Much, a great deal.

An AIERY, the Nest of an Hawk, and sometimes the brood of Hawks belonging to a particular nest.

M m

A L

A G L O S S A R Y &c.

- ALDER, of all. ALDER-LIEFEST, dearest of all.
 An ANCIENT, an Ensign, or Standard-bearer.
 ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, (Vol. 1. 281.) a Man-eater.
Gr. Ανθρωποφάγος.
 An ANTRE, (Vol. 6. 453.) a Cave or Cavern. Fr. *Antre*. Lat. *Antrum*.
 To APPEACH, (Vol. 2. 354.) to impeach.
 To APPEAL, to accuse.
 APPROOF, the same as proof.
 An ARGOSIE, a Ship; from *Argo* the ship of the *Argonauts*.
 AROINT thee! avaunt! stand off! this word seems to come from the Latin *Dii averruncent!*
 ASCAUNCE, awry.
 An ASSINEGO, (Vol. 6. 32.) an Afs-driver, or Afs-keeper.
Ital. Asinaio.
 ATE', the Goddess of Mischief.
 ATTAINTS, (Vol. 3. 331.) the same as Taints: stains, blemishes, any strokes or touches of infection either in a natural or moral sense. Fr. *Atteintes*.
 To ATTONE, to appease, to reconcile; also, to be reconciled, to agree.

B

- BACCALARE (Vol. 2. 282.) a self-conceited pretending Spark.
An Italian word.
 To BAIT, a Term in Falconry, when the Hawk spreads and claps her wings.
 BALDRICK, a Belt. Fr. *Baudrier*.
 BALE, Misfortune, Sorrow.
 BALK'd, (Vol 3. 281.) Floated: from the Italian Verb *Valicare*.
 BAN-DOGS, (Vol. 4. 111.) Dogs kept in bands, tied up.
 To BANDY, to canvass, to dispute, to quarrel, most especially by retorting angry and provoking words: a metaphor taken from striking the balls at Tennis which is the primary sense of the word. Fr. *Bander*.
 BARBASON, (Vol. 3. 490.) the Name of a Devil or Fiend.
 See Vol. 1. 245.
 BARBED, see UNBARBED.
 BASE, Country-base, (Vol. 6. 200.) a sport used amongst Country people call'd Prison-base, in which some pursue to take others Prisoners. And therefore "I bid the base" (Vol. 1. 151.) is by using the language of that sport to say, "my business is to take prisoners."
 BASE COURT, (Vol. 3. 243.) a back Yard. Fr. *Basse-cour*.
 BASTA, it sufficeth, it is enough. *An Italian word.*
 BATED, abated, sunk.

A BAT.

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A G L O S S A R Y &c.

A BATLET, a flat piece of Wood, with which Washer-Women beat coarse Linnen.

To BATTEN, to feed, to pasture.

BAVEN, brush wood, faggot wood.

BAWCOCK, a coaxing term: probably from the French *Bas coque*.

BEARNS, Children.

BEHESTS or HESTS, Commands.

A BERGOMASK-DANCE, (Vol. 1. 137.) a Dance after the manner of the Peasants of *Bergomasco* a Country in *Italy* belonging to the *Venetians*. All the buffoons in *Italy* affect to imitate the ridiculous jargon of that People, and from thence it became a Custom to mimick also their manner of dancing.

BESHREW! an Imprecation, as "beshrew my Heart!" *ill be-tide my Heart!*

To BESMIRCH or SMIRCH, to besmear, to foul, to dirty.

BESTRAUGHT, Mad, distracted.

To BETEEM, (Vol. 1. 79.) to yield, to deliver. *Spen.*

A BEVER, that part of the Helmet, which lets down over the face, with a grate of iron bars before the Eyes. *Span. Bawera.*

To BEWRAY, to discover, to reveal.

BEZONIAN,, a beggarly scoundrel. *Ital. Bisognofo.*

A BIGGEN, a Cap or Coif of Linnen like those worn by Children with a stay under the Chin. *Fr. Beguin.*

A BILBERRY, the fruit of a small shrub, of a blue Colour.

BILBO, "like a good Bilbo" (Vol. 1. 267.) a sword-blade of *Bilbo* which will bend almost round in a circle without breaking.

BISSON or BEESEN, blear-eyed.

A BLANK, (Vol. 3. 10.) a white or mark to shoot at. *Fr. Blanc.*

To BLENCH, to boggle or turn aside with fear.

BLENT, the same as blended, mingled.

To BOLT or BOULT, to sift as they do Meal thro' a sieve.

To BOLTER, as *Blood-bolter'd*, (Vol. 5. 526.) to welter, to wallow. *Fr. Veaultrer. Lat. Volutare.*

A BOMBARD or BUMBARD, (Vol. 1. 34.) a Mortar-piece or great Gun. *Fr. Bombarde*: but in other places, as Vol. 3. 319. and Vol. 4. 498. the word is used for a drinking vessel: and there is still in use in the Northern parts of *England* a kind of flagon without a cover, and of the same bigness from top to bottom, which retains the name of a *Gun*.

A BORNE, a limit or boundary. *Fr. Borne*. This hath been falsely printed *Bourn*, which signifies another thing, namely, a brook or stream of water.

A BOW, (Vol. 2. 220.) a Yoke.

A BRACH. The *Italian* word *Bracco*, from which this is derived, is understood to signify any kind of Beagle, Hound or Setting-dog: but *Jo. Caius*, in his book of *British Dogs*, says, that with us it most properly belongs to Bitches of the hunting kind, and in that sense *Shakespeare* uses it.

A GLOSSARY &c.

- TO BRACK** (Vol. 1. 10.) to salt. It is still used as an adjective in *Lincolnshire* and the northern Counties : and *Brackish* is retained in use every where.
- BRAID** or **BREID**, (Vol. 2. 400.) bred, of a breed, of a certain turn of temper and conditions from the breed : a *Scotch* and North Country Word.
- A BRAKE**, (Vol. 1. 99. and 105.) a Thicket or Cover.
- A BRIEF**, (Vol. 2. 370.) any Process or Order issuing from the King.
- BROACHED**, (Vol. 3. 555.) spitted, thrust through with a spit. Fr. *Brochée*.
- A BROCH** or **BROOCH** or **BROWCH**, an Ornament of Gold worn sometimes about the Neck, and sometimes about the Arm.
- A BROCK**, (Vol. 2. 464.) a Badger.
- TO BROOCH**, (Vol. 5. 370.) to adorn.
- BROGUES**, the shoes or pumps which are worn by the *Irish* Peasants.
- TO BUDGE** or **BODGE**, (Vol. 4. 206.) to give way, to stir, to quit a place. Fr. *Bouger*.
- A BURGONET**, (Vol. 4. 185.) a steel Cap, worn for the defence of the Head in battle. Fr. *Bourguinotte*.
- BUSKY** or **BOSKY**, Woody : from the old French word *Bose*, of which *Bosquet* now in use is a diminutive.

C

- A CADE**, (Vol. 4. 160.) a Cask. Lat. *Cadus* : also when joined to the name of any beast it signifies *tame, brought up by hand*.
- CADIS**, (Vol. 2. 571.) a Galloon or binding made of Worsted : a French word.
- CALIVER**, the diameter or bore of a Gun : thence sometimes the Gun itself. Fr. *Calibre*.
- A CALLAT**. This word has two significations : sometimes a scold, and sometimes a lewd drab.
- A CANTLE**, (Vol. 3. 325.) a division or segment of Land, or other thing. Ital. *Cantone*. Fr. *Canton*.
- A CANZONET**, (Vol. 2. 123.) a song, a ditty. Ital. *Canzonetta*.
- CAPOCCHIA**, (Vol. 6. 72.) a Fool. An *Italian* word.
- A CARACK**, (Vol. 1. 415.) a huge Ship of Burthen, used by the *Spaniards* and *Portuguese*. Ital. *Caracca*.
- CARACTS**, (Vol. 1. 371.) Characters.
- A CARKANET**, a necklace. Fr. *Carcan*.
- A CARLE**, a Clown, a Churl.
- CARRAT**, the weight which distinguishes the fineness of Gold. Fr. *Carat*.
- A CASK**, (Vol. 5. 426.) an Helmet. Fr. *Casque*.

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A G L O S S A R Y &c.

- CATAIAN**, (Vol. 1. 234.) *Cataia* is a Country on the North of *China*, which, in the time of Queen *Elizabeth*, was reported by the first Voyagers thither to be rich in Gold Ore, and upon that encouragement many Persons were persuaded to adventure great sums of Money in fitting out Ships thither, as for a most gainful trade; but it prov'd to be a notorious deceit and falshood: hence *Cataian* stands for one of no credit.
- CATLINGS**, (Vol. 6. 68.) small strings for musical Instruments made of Cat-gut.
- CAUTEL**, (Vol. 6. 333.) an ill designing Craft in order to ensnare. So
- CAUTELOUS**, (Vol. 5. 155.) Crafty, Cunning, Deceitful. So is the French *Cauteloux* always used in a bad sense, dangerously artificial.
- A CEARMENT**, (Vol. 6. 338.) the wrapping of an embalmed Body. Ital. *Ceramento*.
- A CENSER**, (Vol. 3. 464.) A plate or dish, in which they burnt Incense, and at the bottom of which was usually represented in rude carving the figure of some Saint. Fr. *Encensoir*.
- CHARNECO**, (Vol. 4. 125.) This seems to have been a cant-word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken Fellows to the Stocks, since in Spanish *Charniégos* is a term used for the Stocks. *Beaum.* and *Fl.* use the same word in the Play, *Wit without money*.
- CHAWDRON**, (Vol. 5. 515.) a dish of meat still used in the northern parts of *England*, made of the Entrails of a Calf.
- A CHEVRIL**, a Kid. Fr. *Chevreau*.
- A CHEWET**, (Vol. 3. 354.) a Pie or Magpie. Fr. *Chouette* or *Chnette*.
- A CHIOPPINE**, (Vol. 6. 362.) a thick piece of Cork, bound about with Tin or Silver, worn by the Women in *Spain* at the bottom of their shoes to make them appear taller. Span. *Chapin*.
- A CHOUGH** or **CORNISH CHOUGH**, a bird, which frequents the rocks by the Sea-side, most like to a Jack-daw, but bigger.
- CINQUE-PACE**, a grave dance so called. Fr. *Cinque pas*.
- A CITAL**, (Vol. 3. 359.) a Recital.
- To CLEPE**, to call.
- COBLOAF**, (Vol. 6. 32.) a mishapen loaf of bread, run out in the baking into lumps and protuberancies.
- COCKLE**, a Weed in Corn.
- To COCKLE**, to shrink, to wrinkle up.
- A COCKNEY**, one born and bred in the City, and ignorant of all things out of it.
- COIGNE** or **COIN**, a Corner. Fr. *Coin*.
- COIL**, bustle, tumult.
- COLLIED**, (Vol. 1. 79) sooty, black.

To CON,

A G L O S S A R Y &c.

To CON, to learn, to know, to understand. To *con thanks* means the same as to *give thanks*, being to be reckon'd a particular phrase, and indeed a Græcism, *χαρειν οἶδα*.

To CONVENT, (Vol. 2. 507.) to concur, to be suitable. Lat. *Convenire*.

To CONVINCe, to overcome, in which sense the Latin word *Convinco* is used sometimes.

To CONVIVE, to feast together. Lat. *Convivere*.

COPATAN, (Vol. 2. 327.) high raised, pointed: from *Coppe*, the top or point of any thing.

To COPE, to encounter, also (Vol. 6. 293.) to invest one's self with, as with a Cope or Mantle.

A COROLLARY, (Vol. 1. 53.) an over-measure in any thing, or a surplus thrown in. Fr. *Corollaire*. Lat. *Corollarium*.

A COSIER, (Vol. 2. 455.) a Botcher: from the old French *Coufer*, to sew.

To COURB, (Vol. 6. 392.) to bend. Fr. *Courber*.

To COWER, to sink or squat down. Ital. *Covare*. Fr. *Couver*.

To CRASH, (Vol. 6. 238.) to be merry over: a Crash being a word still used in some Countries for a merry bout.

To CRAVEN, (Vol. 6. 166.) to make recreant or cowardly.

A CRESSET, (Vol. 3. 323.) a great light set upon a beacon, light-house or watch-tower: from the French word *Croisette*, a little Cross, because the beacons anciently had crosses on the top of them.

CRISP, (Vol. 5. 57.) glittering or making things glitter, in which sense the verb *crispare* in Latin is sometimes used. It also signifies curled, from the Latin *Crispus*.

A CROAN, (Vol. 2. 540.) an old toothless sheep: thence an old Woman.

CUISSES, (Vol. 3. 344.) Armour for the thighs. Fr. *Cuissarts*.

A CULLION, a Fool, a dull stupid Cuddon. Ital. *Coglione*.

A CUTTLE, (Vol. 3. 407.) in its proper sense is a Sea-fish, which by throwing out a black juice like Ink fouls the Water and so escapes the fisher. Hence by metaphor it is used to signify a foul-mouth'd fellow.

CURFEU, the eight o' clock bell. Fr. *Couvre feu*.

D

To DAFTE, to put by, to turn aside with flight and neglect.

DANK, moist, damp.

To DARRAIGN, (Vol. 4. 219.) to range, or put in order. Fr. *Arranger*.

A DECK of Cards, the same as a Pack.

A DEEM, (Vol. 6. 77.) a supposition, a surmise.

To DEFEND, (Vol. 6. 457.) to forbid. Fr. *Defendre*.

DEFTLY, Nimble, briskly. DEFT, nimble, ready, neat, spruce.

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A GLOSSARY &c.

- To DERACINATE, to eradicate, to root up. Fr *Deraciner*.
 DEWBERRIES, (Vol. 1. 103.) strictly and properly are the fruit of one of the species of wild Bramble called the creeping or the lesser Bramble: but as they stand here among the more delicate fruits they must be understood to mean Raspberries which are also of the Bramble-kind.
 A DIBBLE, an Instrument with which Gardeners make holes in the Earth.
 To DIET, to limit, to controul, to prescribe to.
 To DISCANDY, to dissolve, to melt, to thaw.
 DISMS, (Vol. 6. 35.) Tenths: a *French* word.
 To DISPERGE, (Vol. 5. 360.) to sprinkle, to scatter. Lat. *Dispergo*.
 To DOFF, to put off.
 DRAFF, (Vol. 3. 346.) Wash for Hogs.
 To DRUMBLE, (Vol. 1. 258.) to drone, to be sluggish. Ital. *Dormigliare*.
 DULCET, sweet. Lat. *Dulcis*.

E

- To EAR, to plough or till.
 ELD, old times, also, old age.
 To ELFE, (Vol. 3. 42.) to intangle hair in so intricate a manner that it is not to be unravell'd. This the vulgar have supposed to be the work of Fairies in the nights: and all hair so matted together hath had the name of Elfe-locks.
 To EMBALL, (Vol. 4. 437.) to make up into a pack. Fr. *Emballer*.
 EMBOWELL'D, (Vol. 2. 355.) Emptied.
 To EMMEW, (Vol. 1. 338.) to mew up, to coop up.
 An ENGLE, (Vol. 2. 311.) a Gull, a Put, a Bubble: derived from the *French* word *Engluer*, which signifies to catch with birdlime.
 ENGLUTTED, (Vol. 3. 539.) swallow'd up. Fr. *Englouti*.
 To ENMESH, (Vol. 6. 482.) to intangle in the Meshes of a Net.
 To ENSEAR, to sear up, to make dry.
 To ENSCONCE, to cover as with a Fort, to secure.
 ENSHIELD, (Vol. 1. 331.) shielded, protected.
 ENSTEEPED, (Vol. 6. 463.) lying under water.
 To ENTAME, (Vol. 2. 224.) to tame, to subdue.
 ESCOTED, (Vol. 6. 360.) pension'd: from the *French* *Escot*, a Shot or Reckoning.
 EXIGENT, a Law-term, a Writ sued out when the Defendant is not to be found, being part of the Process leading to an Outlawry. *Shakespeare* uses it for any extremity.
 EXPEDIENT, the same as expeditious, EXPEDIENCE, expedition.

EXSUF-

A G L O S S A R Y &c.

EXSUFFOLATE, (Vol. 6. 491.) whisper'd, buzz'd in the Ear
from the *Italian Verb Suffolare*.

An EYAS or EYESS, a young Hawk just taken from the Nest,
not able to prey for it self. *Fr. Niais*: for Eyas-musket, see
MUSKET.

An EYERY, an Hawk's Nest.

F

To FADE, to disappear, to vanish.

A FARROW, (Vol. 5. 516.) the litter of a Sow.

FARSED or FARCED, stuff'd out. *Fr. Farci*.

A FARTHEL or FARDEL, a bundle, a pack, a burthen,
Ital. Fardello:

FAVOUR, (Vol. 3. 69.) Countenance, Visage.

FEL, fierce, cruel.

A FELL, a skin or hide of a beast. *Fell of hair*, (Vol. 5. 537.) is
the whole scalp, upon which the hair grows.

A FEODARY, (Vol. 1. 332.) One who holds his Estate under
the tenure of suit and service to a superior Lord.

FEWNESS, (Vol. 1. 311.) Rarity.

A FITCHEW, (Vol. 3. 85.) a Polcat.

A FLAMEN, a Priest; a *Latin* word.

FLAWS, sudden gusts of wind. See Vol. 3. 443.

FLECKER'D, (Vol. 6. 257.) spotted, speckled, flush'd with red
spots.

FLEW'D, (Vol. 1. 122.) FLEWS are the large chaps of a deep-
mouth'd hound.

To FLICKER, (Vol. 3. 40.) to smile.

FLOURIETS, (Vol. 1. 120.) young blossoms, young springing
flowers.

To FOIN, to push in fencing.

To FOREDO, to undo, to overcome, to lay violent hands upon.

To FOREFEND, to prevent, to forbid.

To FORESLOW, to delay.

FORTED, (Vol. 1. 369.) fortified, secure.

FORTIN, (Vol. 3. 305.) a little Fort raised to defend a Camp,
particularly in a siege where the principal quarters are joined by
lines defended by Fortins and Redoubts; A *French* word.

A FOSSET or FAUCET, a tap or peg of a barrel. *Fr.*
Faussette.

FOYSON or FOIZON, Plenty, especially of fruits of the earth.
Fr. Foison.

FRANK'D UP, (Vol. 4. 308.) shut up in a Frank, which is a Sty
for feeding a Boar.

A FRANKLIN, a Country Freeholder.

To FRUSH, (Vol. 6. 108.) to break, bruise, or crush. *Fr. Froisser*.

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A GLOSSARY &c.

FULHAMS, (Vol. 1. 225.) a Cant-word for false Dice both high and low, taken probably from the name of the first Inventor or the Place where they were first made. The word is used and hath the same sense in *Hudibras*, Part. 2. Cant. 1. v. 642. And in *Don Quixot* fol. ed. 1687. translated by *Philips*, part 2d book 3d chap. 16. *I am no Paumer, no high-and-low-Fulham-man.* See also *North's Examen.* p. 108.

G

A GABARDINE, the coarse frock of a shepherd, or fisherman, or any peasant: thence also any loose Cassock. Ital. *Gavardina*.

GAIN-GIVING, (Vol. 6. 428.) the same as misgiving, a giving-against: as gain-saying, which is still in use, is saying against or contradicting.

A GALLIMAUFRY, (Vol. 2. 575.) an hoch-poch or half of several sorts of broken meat, a medly. Fr. *Galimafrée*.

To GALLOW, (Vol. 3. 56.) to scare, to frighten.

GALLOWS, (Vol. 2. 140.) a Knave, one fit for the Gallows. *Skin-ner*.

GALLOWGLASSES, (Vol. 4. 175.) Soldiers among the wild *Irish*, who serve on horseback.

GARBOILS, (Vol. 5. 289.) disorders, tumults, uproars.

GARISH, gaudy, glaring, flaunting.

GASTED, (Vol. 3. 34.) as aghasted, frightened, dismayed.

A GAUDE, a toy, a trifle.

GEAR or **GEER**, stuff.

A GECK, a bubble easily impos'd upon. **To GECK** is to cheat.

GERMIN, the first sprouting of seed or of a branch. Lat. *Germen*.

GESTS, noble actions or exploits: a word so used by *Chaucer* and *Spencer*. Lat. *Res gestæ* or *Gesta*.

GESTE, (Vol. 2. 514.) the roll or journal of the several days and stages prefix'd in the progresses of our Kings; many of them being still extant in the Herald's office. Fr. *Giste* or *Gîte*.

A GIBBE, any old worn-out useless Animal.

GIGLETS or **GIGLOTS**, wanton Women, Strumpets.

GIMMAL or **GIMBALD** or **JYMOLD**, this word *Skinner* interprets only as applied to a ring consisting of two or more rounds, and thence derives it from the French *Gemeau* and the Latin *Gemel-lus*: a *Jymold bitt* therefore (Vol. 3. 536.) may well be taken in that sense from the little rings often annex'd to bitts to play in the horse's mouth: but *Gimmals* (Vol. 4. 12.) carries a more general signification, such as the word *Gimcracks* has now, viz. some little quaint devices or pieces of Machinery.

A GLAIVE, a cutting Sword, a Cimeterre; used also by *Spencer*: a French word.

To GLEEK, to joke, jeer or scoff.

To GLOSE, to flatter, to colloque.

N n

To GLOSS,

A G L O S S A R Y &c,

To GLOSS, (Vol. 3. 479.) to interpret, to comment upon. Fr. *Glôser*.

GODILD you ! God shield you !

GOSSOMER or GOSSAMOUR, the long white cobwebs which fly in the air in calm sunny weather, especially about the time of Autumn.

GOJERES, the *French* disease (*lues venerea*) from the *French* word *Gouje*, which signifies a common Camp-Trull, as *Goujer* signifies a man who deals with such Prostitutes. These words *Gouje* and *Goujer* being used as common terms of reproach among the vulgar, and because that loathsome disease was first brought from the hege of *Naples* about the Year 1495. by the *French* Army and the Women who followed it, and was by them dispersed over all *Europe*, therefore the first name it got among us was the *Gougeries*; the disease of the *Goujes*.

GOURD, (Vol. 1. 225.) a large fruit so call'd, which is often scoop'd hollow for the purpose of containing and carrying wine and other liquors : from thence any leathern bottle grew to be call'd by the same name, and so the word is used by *Chaucer*.

GOUTS, (Vol. 5. 488.) Drops. Fr. *Gouttes*.

GRATULATE, (Vol. 1. 385.) Fit for Gratulation.

GRICE or GRISE, or GRIECE, or GREEZE, Steps, Stairs. Fr. *Greze*.

GRIMALKIN, a name given to a Cat.

GRIME, dirt, filth.

A GROUNDLING, (Vol. 6. 373.) a fish which keeps at the bottom of the water : Hence one of the low vulgar.

GUARDE, the hem or welt of a garment : also, any lace or galloon upon the seams or borders of it. To GUARD, to lace over, to adorn.

GUERDON, Reward : an old *French* word now disused.

GYVES, Shackles.

H

To HACK, (Vol. 1. 232.) to hackney, to turn Hackney or Prostitute.

An HAGGARD, (Vol. 1. 479.) a wild Hawk.

To HARP, (Vol. 5. 516.) to seize, to lay hold of. Fr. *Harper*.

HARPER, (Vol. 5. 514.) a name given by the Witches to some of their mischievous Imps.

To HARRY, (Vol. 5. 328.) to hare, to ruffle. Fr. *Harer*.

To HATCH, (Vol. 6. 22.) a term in drawing, to shade off and finish with the fine strokes of a Pen.

A HAVING (a substantive) is very frequently used for a possession in any thing.

HEFTS, (Vol. 2. 529.) the same as Heavings.

HELMED, (Vol. 1. 347.) guided, conducted.

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A G L O S S A R Y &c.

A HENCHMAN, (Vol. 1. 89.) a Page.

To HEND, to seize, to lay hold of: also, to hem in, to surround:

HESTS or BEHESTS, Commands.

HIGHT, named or called: or, is named or called.

HILDING or HINDERLING, base, degenerate, set at nought.

To HOCKLE, to hamstring, to cut the sinews about the ham or hough.

HOLDING sometimes signifies the burthen or chorus of a song.

HOLLIDAM, (Vol. 2. 333.) holy dame, blessed Lady.

HOSE, (Vol. 2. 125.) Breeches. Fr. *Chausses*, or *Haut de chausses*.

To HULL, (Vol. 4. 446.) to float, to drive to and fro upon the water without Sails or Rudder.

To HURTLE, to skirmish, to clash, to run against any thing, to jostle, to meet in shock and encounter. Fr. *Heurter*. Ital. *Urture*.

An HYEN, (Vol. 2. 231.) or HYENA, an Animal of which many wonderful things are told, among which one is, that it can imitate the voice and laughter of Men.

I

JESSES, a term in falconry: short straps of leather tied about the legs of an Hawk, with which she is held on the fist.

IMBOST, (Vol. 2. 392.) a hunting term; when a Deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*. A Dog also when he is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) will have his knees swell'd, and then he is said to be *imbost*: from the French word *Bosse* which signifies a tumour.

IMPORTANCE, (Vol. 2. 506.) the same as Importunity.

IMPORTANT, the same as Importunate.

An INDIGEST, (Vol. 3. 185.) a Chaos, (*rudis indigestaque moles*.)

INDUCTION. (Vol. 3. 322.) the same as introduction: also, inducement.

To INHERIT, (Vol. 3. 194.) to possess. It has the same sense in other places.

To INSCONCE, (Vol. 1. 257.) to cover as with a fort, to secure.

INTRENCHANT, (Vol. 5. 541.) incroaching. *The intrenchant air* means the air which suddenly incroaches and closes upon the space left by any body which had pass'd through it.

JYMOLD, see GIMMAL.

K

KAM, "Clean kam," (Vol. 5. 142.) crooked, athwart, awry, cross from the purpose. Ital. *a-schembo*. *Clean kam* is by vulgar pronunciation brought to *kim-kam*.

A G L O S S A R Y &c.

- To KEEL, (Vol. 2. 167.) seems here to mean to drink so deep as to turn up the bottom of the pot; like turning up the keel of a ship.
 A KERN, an *Irish* Boor.
 A KESTREL, (Vol. 2. 436.) a little kind of bastard hawk.
 A KETCH, a tub, a cask. Fr. *Caque*.
 KICKSY-WICKSY, (Vol. 2. 373.) a made word in ridicule and disdain of a Wife.
 KINDLED, (Vol. 2. 216.) to kindle is the word for rabbits bringing forth their young.
 A KIRTLE, a woman's gown.

L

- LABRA, (Vol. 1. 217.) a lip; an *Italian* word.
 To LAND-DAMM, (Vol. 2. 533.) probably this was a coarse expression in the cant-strain formerly in common use, but since laid aside and forgotten, which meant the *taking away a man's life*. For *Land* or *Lant* is an old word for *Urine*, and to stop the common passages and functions of Nature is to *kill*.
 LATTEN, (Vol. 1. 217.) a factitious metal. Fr. *Letan ou Laiton*.
 LAUND, the same as Lawn, a plain extended between woods. Fr. *Lande*.
 LAVOLTA, an old dance, in which was much turning and much capering. Fr. *La volte*.
 A LEASH, a leathern thong, by which a Falconer holds his Hawk or a Courser leads his Greyhound. Ital. *Laccio*.
 To LECH, (Vol. 1. 106.) to lick over. Fr. *Lécher*.
 To LEECH, to cure. A LEECH, a Physician.
 LEER or LEAR, Earth, Mold.
 A LEMAN, a sweet-heart, a gallant, or a mistress. Fr. *L'aimant, L'aimante*.
 A LIBBARD, (Vol. 2. 156.) a Leopard.
 LIEF, dear, beloved.
 A LINSTOCK, a staff of wood with a match at the end of it used by Gunners in firing Cannon.
 LITHER, (Vol. 4. 71.) soft, mild.
 A LOB, (Vol. 1. 86.) a lubber, a looby.
 LOCKRAM, a sort of coarse linnen.
 LOGGATS, (Vol. 6. 417.) the ancient name of a play or game, which is one among the unlawful games enumerated in the Stat. 33. H. 8. It is the same which is now called Kittle-pins, in which Boys often make use of bones instead of wooden pins, throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling.
 LOZELL, a lazy lubber.
 A LUCE, (Vol. 1. 214.) a Pike or Jack.
 LUNES, fits of lunacy or frenzy, mad freaks. The *French* say of a Man who is but fantastical and whimsical, *Il a des lunes*.
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A G L O S S A R Y &c.

LUSH, (Vol. 1. 24.) of a dark deep full colour, opposite to pale and faint. Fr. *Loufche*.

LUSTICK, (Vol. 2. 366) lusty: a Dutch word.

LUSTRUS, (Vol. 2. 357.) full of lustre.

LYM, (Vol. 3. 67.) a lime-hound: J. Caius derives the name from *Lyemme*, which is an old word signifying a strap or thong with which Dogs are led.

M

MAIL'D, (Vol. 4. 127.) cloath'd or cover'd as with armour.

MALICHO, (Vol. 6. 377) a wicked act, a piece of iniquity. Span. *Malhecho*.

To MAMMER, (Vol. 6. 487.) to hesitate, to stand in suspense. The word often occurs in old *English* writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct answer.

A MAMMET, a puppet, a figure dress'd up.

MAMMUCCIO, (Vol. 2. 117.) the same as MAMET. Ital. *Mammuccia*.

MANOUR or MAINOUR or MAYNOUR, an old Law-term, (from the French *mainaver* or *manier*. Lat. *manu tractare*) signifies the thing which a thief takes away or steals: and to be taken with the *manour* or *mainour* is to be taken with the thing stolen about him or doing an unlawful act, *flagrante delicto*, or, as we say, *in the fact*. The expression is much used in the Forest-Laws. See *Manwood's* Edition in quarto, 1665. p. 292. where it is spelt *manner*.

MAPPERY, (Vol. 6. 25.) the art of planning and designing.

To MATE, (Vol. 5. 532.) to confound, to overcome, to subdue. *Spem*.

A MAUKIN or MALKIN, a kind of Mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping Ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dress'd up: thence a dirty wench.

A MAZZARD, (Vol. 6. 417.) a jaw. Fr. *Maschoire*.

A MEACOCK, (Vol. 2. 289.) an uxorious or effeminate man.

MEED most frequently stands for Reward: but it is sometimes used for Merit: as Vol. 4. 266. and Vol. 5. 14. See also *Minsbew*.

MEERED, (Vol. 5. 343.) relating to a boundary: M E E R being a boundary or mark of division.

A MEINY, (Vol. 3. 44.) a retinue, domestick servants. Fr. *Mesnie*.

To MELL, (Vol. 2. 407.) to mix, to mingle. Fr. *Méler*.

MEPHOSTOPHILUS, the name of an infernal Spirit in the old fabulous history of Dr. *Faustus*.

A MICHER, (Vol. 3. 318.) a lazy loiterer, who sculks about in corners and by-places and keeps out of sight: a hedge-creeper.

MICHING, (Vol. 6. 377.) secret, covered, lying hid.

A MINNOW, the smallest of fishes.

MIS-

A GLOSSARY &c.

MISPRISED, sometimes it signifies mistaken, from the *French* verb *mesprendre*: sometimes undervalued or disdained, from the *French* verb *mépriser*.

A MISPRISION, a mistake.

MODERN, common, ordinary, vulgar.

A MOLDWARP, a mole.

A MOME, (Vol. 1. 408.) a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the *French* word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatsoever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *Mum!* for silence.

MULL'D, (Vol. 6. 167.) soften'd and dispirited as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. Lat. *Mollitus*.

A MUMMER, (Vol. 5. 111.) a Masker. **MUMMERIE**, Masquerading. Fr. *Momerie*.

A MURE, (Vol. 1. 133. and Vol. 3. 445.) a Wall. Lat. *Murus*.

MURK, Darkness. **MURKY**, dark.

A MUSKET, a male hawk of a small kind, the female of which is the sparrow-hawk: so that *Eyas Musket* (Vol. 1. 255.) is a young unfledg'd male hawk of that kind. Fr. *Mouchet*.

A MUSS, (Vol. 5. 346.) a scramble.

N

NAYWARD, "to th' nayward," (Vol. 2. 530.) to the side of denial, towards the saying Nay.

A NAY-WORD, (Vol. 2. 456.) the same as By-word: a word of contempt; also a word secretly agreed upon, as among soldiers, for the distinguishing friends from foes.

A NEAFE or **NEIFE** or **NEIVE**, a fist.

A NEB, (Vol. 2. 518.) the Bill or Beak of a bird.

NICK, (Vol. 1. 192.) Jest, Mockery. Thence the word Nick-name from the Brit. *Niq*. See Diction. *de Trevoux*.

A NOLE, (Vol. 1. 105.) a Noddle.

O

OEILIADS, (Vol. 3. 81.) Glances. Fr. *Oeillades*.

An OPAL, (Vol. 2. 460.) a precious stone reflecting almost all colours. Fr. *Opale*. Lat. *Opalus*.

ORGILLOUS, (Vol. 6. Prol. to *Tr.* and *Cress*.) Proud. Fr. *Orgueilleux*.

ORIS, scraps, fragments, leavings.

OSPREY, (Vol. 5. 174.) the Sea-Eagle, of which it is reported, that when he hovers in the Air, all the fish in the water underneath turn up their bellies and lie still for him to seize which he pleases. One of the names of this bird is *Ossifraga*, from which by corruption

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A G L O S S A R Y &c.

ruption is deduced *Osprey*. See *Gesner*, and *William Turner*. The name in *Pliny* is *Haliaetos*.

An OSTENT, a shew, an outward appearance. Lat. *Ostentus*.

To OVERWEEN, to reach beyond the truth of any thing in thought : especially in the opinion of a man's self.

OUPHE, the same as *Elfe*, from which it is a corruption, a Fairy, a Hobgoblin.

OUPHEN, Elfish, of fairy-kind.

An OUZLE, a blackbird.

OUCHES, (Vol. 3. 405.) Bosses or Buttons of Gold. The word is mention'd in an old Statute of *Hen. 8.* made against excess in apparel, it is also used by *Chaucer* and *Spencer*.

To OWE is very frequently used for, Possess; to be the Owner of : especially where the Author would imply an absolute right or property in the thing possess'd.

P

APADDOCK, a toad.

PALABRAS, (Vol. 1. 493.) o' my word. Span. *Dò Palabra*. *Pocas Palabras*. (Vol. 2. 255.) few words.

A PALLIAMENT, (Vol. 5. 395.) a Robe. Ital. *Paliamento*.

A PANTALON, (Vol. 2. 204.) a man's garment anciently worn, in which the breeches and stockings were all of a piece. Fr. *Pantalon*.

A PANTLER, the officer in a great family who keeps the bread. Fr. *Panetier*.

To PARAGON, to compare. Fr. *Paragonner* : also, to equal, (Vol. 6. 463.)

A PARAGON, a compleat Model or Pattern.

A PARATOR, the same as Apparator or Apparitor : an officer belonging to the Spiritual Courts, who carries summons and serves processses.

To PARGET, (Vol. 5. 379.) to daub or plaister over.

PARTLET, (Vol. 2. 540.) a name given to a Hen : the original signification being a ruff or band or covering for the Neck.

A PASH, (Vol. 2. 517.) a kifs. Span. *Paz*. *La paz de Judas* is a phrase with the *Spaniards*, by which they express treachery.

To PASH, to dash.

A PELT, a Skin or Hide. Lat. *Pellis*.

PELTING, (a pelting Village, a pelting Farm) has the same sense as beggarly. There is a rot among Sheep, particularly call'd the *Pelt-rot* ; which is, when the Sheep from poverty and ill keeping first lose their wool and then dye.

PERDY, (Vol. 3. 45.) an oath. Fr. *par Dieu*.

PERIAPTS, (Vol. 4. 76.) Amulets : charms worn as preservatives against diseases or mischief. Gr. *περίαιτω*, *pro amuleto appendo*, Steph.

A PET, a lamb taken into the House, and brought up by hand ; a Cade-lamb.

A

A G L O S S A R Y &c.

- A PETAR**, (Vol. 6. 393.) a kind of little Cannon filled with powder, and used for the breaking down the gates of a town, and for countermining. Fr. *Petard*.
- PICKED**, sharp, smart. Fr. *Piqué*.
- PIGHT**, pitch'd, placed, fixed.
- A PILCHER**, (Vol. 6. 271.) a furr'd gown or case, any thing lined with furr.
- PIN**, (Vol. 3. 62.) a horny induration of the membranes of the Eye.
- A PIX**, (Vol. 3. 516.) a little chest or box wherein the consecrated Host is kept in Roman-Catholick-Countries. Lat. *Pixis*.
- PLANCHED GATE**, (Vol. 1. 352.) a Gate of boards.
- To PLASH**, (Vol. 1. 8.) to reduce into order the largest and most riotous plants in a hedge by cutting deep into their bodies to make them bend down, and then interweaving them with the lower parts of the hedge. The original and true word is to *Plach* by vulgar use pronounced *Plash*.
- To PLEACH**, to twist together, to interweave.
- POINT-DEVICE**, (Vol. 2. 217.) exact to the greatest nicety. Fr. *A points dewisës*: the expression is used by *Chaucer*.
- POLL'D**, (Vol. 5. 166.) shaven.
- POMANDER**, (Vol. 2. 584.) a little round ball of Perfumes. Fr. *Pomme d'Ambre*.
- POMWATER**, (Vol. 2. 118.) a very large apple.
- A PRECISSIAN**, (Vol. 1. 230.) one who professes great sanctity, a ghostly father, a spiritual guide.
- PRIME**, (Vol. 6. 498.) prompt; from the Celtique or British *Prim*.
- PRIMERO**, a game at Cards. Span. *Primera*.
- A PRISER**, (Vol. 2. 191.) a Prize-fighter.
- PROFACE**, (Vol. 3. 460.) much good may do you! Ital. *Profaccia*.
- To PROPEND**, (Vol. 6. 40.) to lean more, to incline more favourably. Lat. *Propendeo*.
- PROPERTIES**, a term much used at the Playhouses for the habits and implements necessary for the representation; and they who furnish them are called *Property-Men*. This seems to have arisen from that sense of the word *Property*, which signifies a Blind, a Tool, a Stalking-Horse.
- A PUTTOCK**, a Kite.

Q

- A QUAB**, (Vol. 6. 527.) a Gudgeon (*Gobio capitatus*. Skin.) and a gudgeon is often used in a figurative sense for a soft easy fool ready to swallow any bait laid for him.
- To QUAIL**, to droop, to languish, to faint.
- QUATCH**, (Vol. 2. 363.) squat or flat.
- QUEAZY**, (Vol. 3. 33.) sickish, nauseating.
- A QUELL**, (Vol. 5. 485.) a murderous conquest. In the common acceptation to quell signifies to subdue any way, but it comes from a *Saxon* word, which signifies to kill.

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A QUERN, a churn; also a mill.

QUESTES, (Vol. 3. 78.) lamentations. Lat. *Questus*.

A QUESTANT or QUESTER, one who goes in quest of any thing.

QUILL, (" deliver our supplications in quill," Vol. 4. 104.) this may be supposed to have been a Phrase formerly in use, and the same with the French *en quille*, which is said of a man, when he stands upright upon his feet without stirring from the place. The proper sense of *Quille* in French is a Nine-Pin, and in some parts of England Nine-Pins are still call'd *Cayls*, which word is used in the Statute 33. Hen. 8. c. 9. *Quille* in the old British language also signifies any piece of wood set upright.

QUILLETS, quibbles, querks, subtleties.

QUIPS, (Vol. 1. 190.) gibes, flouts.

A QUINTAIN, (Vol. 2. 183.) a post, or the figure of a Man set up in Wood for the purpose of military exercises, throwing darts, breaking lances, or running a tilt against it. Fr. *Quintaine*.

To QUOTE, to understand, to interpret, to rate, to estimate.

R

RABATO, (Vol. 1. 490.) an ornament for the Neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*. *Menage* saith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, because it was at first nothing but the collar of the shirt or shift turn'd back towards the shoulders.

The RACK, (Vol. 5. 364. and Vol. 6. 363.) the course or driving of the Clouds.

RAIED, blotted, stained, fouled: the same as Beraied, which is the term more known of late days. Fr. *Rayé*.

RAUGHT, the same as reached.

To RAVIN, to snatch or devour greedily.

A RAZE of ginger, (Vol. 3. 298.) this is the *Indian* word for a bale, and must be distinguish'd from *Race*, which signifies a single root of ginger.

REAR-MICE or RERE-MICE, bats.

A RECHEATE, (Vol. 1. 453.) a particular lesson upon the horn to call dogs back from the scent; from the old French word *Recet*, which was used in the same sense as *Retraite*.

RECHLESS or RECKLESS, regardless, negligent.

To RECK, to regard, to care.

REECHY or REEKY, smoaky or soiled with smoak; thence also sweaty or filthy with sweat.

REED, Lesson, doctrine, counsel.

REGUERDON, (Vol. 4. 45.) Recompence.

To RENEGE, (Vol. 3. 39.) to renounce. Span. *Renegar*.

RIBAUD, debauch'd, abandon'd, prostituted. Fr. *Ribaud*.

RIBI, (Vol. 3. 310.) drink away! *Italian*. The imperative mood of *Ribere* which is the same as *Ribevere*, to drink again.

GLOSSARY &c.

RIGGISH, wanton.

RIGOL, (Vol. 3. 447.) a circle: from the Ital. *Rigolo*, which signifies a little round wheel or trundle.

ROISTING, (Vol. 6. 41.) blustering, swagging.

A ROOD, a Cross.

A ROWSE, (Vol. 6. 328.) the same as a Carowse.

ROYNISH, mangy, scabby. Fr. *Rogneux*.

A RUDDOCK, (Vol. 6. 190.) a robin red breast.

RUDESBY, (Vol. 2. 490.) rude companion, rude fellow!

A RUNNION, or RONYON, a scabby or mangy man or woman. Fr. *Rogneux* and *Rogneuse*.

RUTH, Pity, compassion.

S

SACRING-BELL, (Vol. 4. 471.) the little bell, which is rung in the procession of the Host to give notice of its approach, or to call to some holy office. From the French word *Sacrer*, to consecrate or dedicate to the service of God.

SAD is frequently used for grave, sober, serious.

To SAGG is (properly) to sink on one side as weights do when they are not balanced by equal weights on the other.

A SALLET or SALADE, (Vol. 4. 176.) a helmet. Span. *Celada*. Fr. *Salade*.

SALTIER, (Vol. 2. 575.) a term in Heraldry, one of the Ordinaries in form of St. Andrew's cross.

SANDED (Vol. 1. 122.) of a sandy colour, which is one of the colours belonging to a true blood-hound.

SAN DOMINGO, (Vol. 3. 462.) St. Dominick. Span.

SANS, without, a French word.

A SAW, a wife saying, a proverb.

SAY, (Vol. 3. 100.) Essay. Fr. *Essai*.

To SCAN, to canvass, to examine, to weigh and consider well any business.

SCARFED, (Vol. 2. 31.) pierced or jointed close together; a term used by the Ship-builders.

SCATH, harm, mischief. SCATHFUL, mischievous.

A SCONCE, a fort, a fortress; also, a man's head.

To SCOTCH, to hack, to bruise, to crush. Ital. *Sbiacciare*.

SCROYLES, (Vol. 3. 128.) the disease call'd the King's evil. Fr. *Eserouelles*; here given as a name of contempt and abuse to the men of Angiers; as we sometimes scurrilously call men Scabs.

To SCUTCH, (Vol. 3. 427.) to switch, to whip, to scourge. Ital. *Scuticare*.

SEAM, (Vol. 6. 46.) Tallow, Fat.

A SEA-MALL, (Vol. 1. 38.) a kind of Gull, a bird haunting the sea-coasts.

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G L O S S A R Y &c.

- To SEEL, (Vol. 5. 504.) a term in falconry, to run a filk through the eye-lids of a young hawk, and to draw them near together in order to make the hawk bear a hood.
- SESSA or SESSEY, Peace, be quiet. Lat. *Cessa*.
- ASHARD, (Vol. 5. 325.) a tile or broken piece of a tile: thence figuratively a scale or shell upon the back of any Creature. The *Shard-born Beetle* means the Beetle that is born up by wings hard and glazed like a Pot-sheard.
- SHARDED, scaled.
- To SHARK UP, (Vol. 6. 322.) to pick up in a thievish manner. Fr. *Chercher*.
- SHEEN, clear, bright; also, brightness, lustre: used in both senses by *Spencer*.
- To SHEND, to blame, to reprove, to disgrace, to evil-intreat.
- A SHIVE, (Vol. 5. 407.) a slice.
- A SHOWGHE, (Vol. 5. 501.) roughcoated dog, a shock.
- SHRIFT, confession. To SHRIVE, to confess.
- A SIEGE, a feat: also (Vol. 1. 36.) the fundament of a man, in which sense the *French* often use it; *Mal au siege: une fistule au siege*.
- SIZES, (Vol. 3. 48.) certain portions of bread, beer or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in the Colleges of the Universities.
- SIZED, (Vol. 6. 363.) bedawbed as with Size, which is a glewish composition used by painters. Ital. *Sisa*.
- To SKIRR, to scour about a country.
- SLEADED or SLEDED, (Vol. 6. 321.) carried on a sled or sledge.
- SLOP, wide-knee'd breeches.
- SLOUGH, an husk, an outward skin.
- SMIRCH'D, (Vol. 1. 488.) smeared, daubed, dirtied.
- To SNEAP, to check, to snub, to rebuke.
- SOOTH, true or truth: also (Vol. 3. 242.) Adulation, in the sense of the verb to sooth.
- To SOWLE, (Vol. 5. 166.) to lug or pull.
- A SOWTER, (Vol. 2. 465.) a Cobler. Lat. *Sutor*. In this passage it is intended as the name of a Dog.
- To SPERR, (Vol. 6. Prol. to *Tr.* and *Cress*.) to bolt, to barricado, or any ways fasten.
- SPLEEN is often used for a sudden start, a hasty motion, a momentary quickness.
- A SPRAY, a young tender shoot or branch of a tree.
- SPURS, the fibres of a root.
- To SQUARE, to jar, to wrangle or quarrel. For the derivation see the next word.
- A SQUARER, (Vol. 1. 449.) a swaggering blade. This word is taken from the *French* phrase, *se quarrer*, which signifies to strut with arms a-kembo (*ansatus incedere*) an action which denotes a character

GLOSSARY &c.

- character of an hectoring Bragadochio. *The French say, Les jeunes fanfarons se quarrent en marchant.*
- A SQUIER, (Vol. 2. 154.) the same as a square.
- A STANYEL, (Vol. 2. 465.) otherwise called a Ring-tail, a kind of buzzard, or kite.
- STATION, (Vol. 6. 389.) Attitude, Presence, Person.
- A STATIST, (Vol. 6. 424.) A Statesman. *Ital. Statista.*
- A STAY, (Vol. 3. 131.) a let, a stop, an impediment.
- To STEAD, or STED, to serve, to help.
- STICKLER-LIKE, (Vol. 6. 110.) Sticklers were Seconds appointed in a duel to see fair play, who parted the Combatants, when they thought fit: and this being done by interposing with a Stick, from thence came the Name.
- STIGMATICAL, (Vol. 1. 420.) branded with marks of disgrace. *Lat. Stigmaticus.*
- A STITHY, an Anvil. To STITHY, to beat upon an Anvil.
- STOCCATA, (Vol. 6. 271.) a thrust in fencing; an *Italian* word.
- A STOLE, a robe, a long garment, a mantle, a woman's gown: used also by *Spencer*. *Lat. Stola.*
- To SUGGEST, to prompt or egg on, (Vol. 3. 194. and 246.)
- SUMPTER, (Vol. 3. 50.) a beast which carries necessaries on a journey.
- SURCEASE, (Vol. 5. 483.) this generally signifies the suspension of any act, but in this passage it stands for the total ceasing after the final execution of it. *Fr. Surseoir.*
- A SWABBER, (Vol. 2. 446.) an inferior officer in a ship, whose business it is to keep the ship clean.

T

- A TABOURINE, (Vol. 5. 359.) a Drum. *Fr. Tabourin.*
- To TAKE, to blast, to strike with infection. *Fr. Attaquer.*
- TALL is very frequently used for eminent, notable, considerable.
- To TARR ON, to provoke, to urge, as they set on dogs to fight.
- A TASSEL-GENTLE, (Vol. 6. 256.) a particular kind of Hawk, the male of the Faulcon. In strictness it should be spelt *Tiercel-gentle*. *Fr. Tiercelet.*
- TEEN, trouble, grief.
- TESTED, (Vol. 1. 326.) tried, put to the test.
- A TETHER, a long rope with which horses are tied to confine their feeding to a certain compass, and prevent their trespassing farther.
- THEWES, sinews, muscles, bodily strength.
- THIRDBOROUGH, the same as Headborough or Constable.
- THRIFT, Thriving, Success.
- TINY, small, slender. *Lat. Tenuis.*

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G L O S S A R Y &c.

To **TQZE**, (Vol. 2. 588.) to break in pieces, to draw out, or pull afunder, as they do wool by carding it to make it soft. *Ital. Tozzare*: thence figuratively, by artful insinuations to draw out the secrets of a man's thoughts.

To **TRAMELL UP**, (Vol. 5. 483.) to stop: A metaphor taken from a Tramel-net which is used to be put cross a river from bank to bank, and catches all the fish that come, suffering none to pass. *Fr. Framail.*

TRICK is a word frequently used for the Air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice or gesture, which distinguishes it from others.

TRICKSEY, dainty, curious, sleight.

TRIGON, (Vol. 3. 411.) a term in Astrology, when three signs of the same nature and quality meet in a trine aspect.

TROLL-MADAM, (Vol. 2. 563.) a Game commonly called Pigeon-holes.

TROUSERS, (Vol. 3. 521.) a kind of breeches wide and tuck'd up high, such as are still worn in the robes of the order of the Garter. *Fr. Trouffe*: but "strait Trouffers" in this passage has a jesting sense, and means the natural skin without any breeches.

To **TRUSS**, (Vol. 4. 201.) is a term in Falconry, when a Hawk near the ground raiseth a fowl, and soaring upwards with it seizeth it in the air.

To **TRY**, (Vol. 1. 4.) a term in sailing: a ship is said to Try when she has no more sails abroad but her Main-sail, when her tacks are close aboard, the bowlings set up and the sheets haled close aft, when also the helm is tied close down to the board and so she is let lie in the sea.

TUB-FAST, (Vol. 5. 55.) the antient discipline of the sweating-tub and fasting for the cure of the French disease.

TUCKET, a Prelude or Voluntary in Musick, a flourish of Instruments. *Ital. Toccata.*

TURLURU, (Vol. 3. 43.) a Crackbrain, a Fool, a Tom of Bedlam: an *Italian* word.

V

To **VAIL**, to let down, to drop, to stoop.

VANTBRACE, (Vol. 6. 28.) defensive armour for the Arm. *Fr. Avant-bras.*

VARY, (Vol. 3. 39.) variation, change.

VAUNT-COURIERS, (Vol. 3. 55.) Fore-runners. *Fr. Avant-coureurs.*

VAWARD, (Vol. 1. 122.) the same as vanguard, the first line of an Army: and from thence the forward or leading part of any thing.

VELURE, (Vol. 2. 297.) Velvet. *Fr. Velours.*

VENEW, (Vol. 2. 137.) a rest or bout in fencing.

A VEN-

GLOSSARY &c.

A VENTIGE, (Vol. 6. 383.) a vent or passage for air. Fr. *Ventouse*.

VIA! (Vol. 1. 241.) away! an *Italian* word.

VICE, ("Vice's dagger," Vol. 3. 427.) and ("Like the old Vice," Vol. 2. 494.) This was the name given to a droll figure heretofore much shown upon our Stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the populace. His dress was always a long Jerkin, a fool's cap with Asses ears and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouche. *Minsheu* and others of our more modern Criticks strain hard to find out the Etymology of this word, and fetch it from the *Greek*: probably we need look no farther for it than the old *French* word *Vis*, which signified the same as *Visage* does now: From this in part came *Visdase* a word common among them for a fool, which *Menage* says is but a corruption from *Vis d'asne*, the face or head of an Ass. It may be imagin'd therefore that *Visdase* or *Vis d'asne* was the name first given to this foolish theatrical figure, and that by vulgar use it was shorten'd down to plain *Vis* or *Vice*.

To **VICE**, (Vol. 2. 526.) to hold fast as with an Instrument call'd a Vice.

UMBER, a colour used by Painters, a dark Yellow.

UNANNEAL'D, (Vol. 6. 342.) unprepared. To *anneal* or *re-anneal* its primary and proper sense is to prepare metals or glass by the force of fire for the different uses of the manufactures in them: and this is here applied by the Author in a figurative sense to a dying person, who when prepared by impressions of piety, by repentance, confession, absolution, and other acts of Religion, may be said to be *anneal'd* for death.

UNANOINTED, (Vol. 6. 342.) not having received extreme unction.

UNBARBED, (Vol. 5. 147.) bare, uncover'd. In the times of Chivalry when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *Barbe*, which *Chaucer* uses for a Veil or covering.

UNBATED, (Vol. 6. 413.) unabated, unblunted.

UNBOLTED, (Vol. 3. 39.) unsifted.

UNBRAIDED, (Vol. 2. 571.) unfaded, fresh.

UNBREECH'D (Vol. 2. 518.) not yet in breeches, a boy in coats.

UNCHARY, (Vol. 2. 482.) careless.

UNHOUSEL'D, (Vol. 6. 342.) without having received the Sacrament. *Housel* is a *Saxon* word for the Eucharist, which seems derived from the Latin *Hospitalia*.

UNNEATH, hardly, scarcely.

An **URCHIN**, an Hedge-hog, which was reckon'd among the Animals used by Witches as their familiars: hence figuratively, a little unlucky mischievous boy or girl.

UTAS or **UTIS**, (Vol. 3. 404.) the eighth and last day of a festival, for so long the great festivals were accounted to last, the conclusion

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clusion being kept with more than ordinary merriment: from the Fr. *Huit*.

To th' UTTERANCE, (Vol. 5. 500.) to the utmost, to all extremity. Fr. *à Outrance*. At UTT'RANCE, (Vol. 6. 157.) at all extremity.

W

To WAGE, to combat with, to enter into conflict with, to encounter.

WAPED or WAPID, (Vol. 5. 53.) mournful, sorrowful. *Chaucer*.

To WARP, to contract, to shrink.

WASSEL or WASSAILE, the merriment of twelfth-night with a great bowl carried about from house to house: the word is compounded of two *Saxon* words signifying, *health be to you!* a WASSEL-CANDLE, (Vol. 3. 385.) is a candle larger than ordinary used at that ceremony.

A WEB, (Vol. 3. 62.) a spot in the Eye injurious to the sight.

A WEED, (Vol. 1. 93.) a garment.

To WEEN, to think.

To WEET, to know.

WEIRD, the *Scotch* word for persons dealing in Sorcery, whether Wizards or Witches.

WELKIN, the firmament or sky.

WELKING, (Vol. 2. 517.) languishing, faint.

To WEND, to go,

WELK'D, (Vol. 3. 83.) a Whelk is such a rising tumour upon the skin as the lash of a whip or switch leaves behind it.

WHIFFLER, (Vol. 3. 554.) an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations upon occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in the city of *London*, and there is an officer so call'd who walks before their Companies at times of publick solemnity. It seems a corruption from the *French* word *Huissier*.

WHINNID, (Vol. 6. 31.) crooked. *Minsheu* under the word *Whinneard* takes notice of this old word to *Whinnie*, and interprets it (*incurvare*) to bend or make crooked.

A WHITTLE, a coarse blanket or mantle worn by the poorest sort.

To WIS or WIST, to know, to judge rightly of a thing.

A WITTOL, a Cuckold jealous and uneasy under his Wife's transgressions but not having spirit enough to restrain them.

WOE-BEGONE, overwhelmed with sorrow. *Spenser*.

A WOLD, a down, an open hilly country.

WOOD, or WODE, mad, frantick.

WREAK, revenge: WREAKFULL, revenegfull.

WRIZLED, (Vol. 4. 30.) wrinkled.

YARE,

GLOSSARY &c.

Y

YARE, ready, nimble, quick.
YCLEPED, called, named.

Z

A ZANY, a merry Andrew, a Jack-pudding. Ital. *Zané*.

F I N I S.



